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MATTEOTTI IS DEAD. Fascist soldiers march through the streets of Rome singing ribald songs revealing, as clearly as did the assassination itself, the spirit that dominates Italy today:

Out of Matteotti's body
We make sausages now.

But not all Italy sings and marches with the soldiers. The London *Daily Herald* tells of an incident in the Italian Parliament at its last session that shows the hold the dead Socialist has on the spirit of the people:

> The president read out, according to custom, the list of members' names. When he came to the letter M he hesitated a moment, and then, in muffled tones, uttered the name "Matteotti."
>
> In the profound stillness that reigned even in the galleries one could literally hear almost the heart-beats of members. Then a ringing voice called out:
>
> "Here!"
>
> Everyone turned in the direction from which the cry came in consternation and alarm. Mussolini was white as a sheet. The president, in his embarrassment, rang his bell, and the Socialists, as well as all the other members of the opposition, now shouted with one voice:
>
> "Here! Here!"
>
> The Fascisti were silent: for Matteotti was indeed there—in spirit.

SENATOR WALSH broke the rule that notification speeches should never say anything worth repeating, and in formally notifying John W. Davis that the Democratic Party had selected him as its presidential nominee Mr. Walsh made some comments in regard to Mr. Davis's law practice. He said:

> The head and front of your offending hath this extent, no more, that since retiring to private life you have been employed professionally as a lawyer by gigantic business interests whose policy and conduct have aroused quite general indignation, have repeatedly been the subject of the severest censure by the press, of investigation by the courts and Congress, as well as State legislatures, and have given occasion to no little legislation deemed necessary to protect the people from their exactions.

So far Senator Walsh sounded rather like a La Follette campaign orator reciting the history of Mr. Davis's law practice. But he continued:

> It is an unjustifiable inference that your views on matters of public concern approximate those of your employers or that, called to high public office, you would, upon any consideration, accommodate your own to theirs or grant them aught beyond justice. You owe them nothing, not even gratitude. You gave them service. They paid you.

MR. DAVIS'S BIG-BUSINESS law practice was not an accident. He chose it when he returned from his ambassadorship in England, and he is proud of it. Before his nomination, in an interview with the Brooklyn *Eagle*, he said:

> I have a fine list of clients—what lawyer would not want them? I have J. P. Morgan & Co., the Erie Railroad, the Guaranty Trust Co., the Standard Oil Co., and other foremost American concerns on my list. I am proud of them. They are big institutions, and so long as they ask for honest work I am pleased to work for them. Big business has made this country what it is. We want big business.

The question which the American people must face is not whether Mr. Davis is an honest lawyer or whether he has a right to work for Wall Street firms—no one doubts that right—but whether we want as President a man whose chosen profession is the defense of such interests, who honestly believes that the big-business system is what the country needs. The New York *World*, before it was won over to its present policy of apology for Mr. Davis, added another question:

> Mr. Davis [it said] is confronted with an ancient doubt, based on long democratic experience, as to whether a man in public office can with a perfectly free mind approach questions involving the interests of his old business associates. When those business associates are interests as powerful as the Morgans, who have connections vitally affecting not only domestic questions but the foreign policy of the nation, the problem becomes acute. The very size and power of the interests involved make a connection like Mr. Davis's wholly different from that which might arise out of having a few corporations, even large ones, as clients. The people who feel that Mr. Davis as President would have too many difficult problems of conscience . . . have a keen appreciation of how difficult it is for any man in public office to secure disinterested advice that reaches beyond the honest opinions of his old friends and associates.

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IF THERE IS ONE thing certain in this life it is that Governor Bryan's acceptance of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency gave heart disease to nobody. During the convention he and his brother were bitterly opposed to the nomination of any such reactionary as John W. Davis. Now he acclaims him as "that trained diplomat, that experienced statesman, that champion of the rights of humanity, that *progressive* Democrat, John W. Davis!" The rest of Governor Bryan's speech is in keeping. He is for peace, but until widespread disarmament he wants an "adequate army and navy," as if any official or general or admiral in history ever agreed on what constituted adequate preparation. For the farmer the Governor's heart bleeds, and he outlines a lengthy program for his relief. Some of the specifications are excellent, especially those for the reduction of the tariff. For the rest, we have the usual political platitudes and the politician's customary preelection devotion to the welfare of women and children and labor. All of which, we venture to say, will butter few political parsnips this year.

HOW MANY VOTES are controlled by the Lucy Stone League we have no idea, but we hope that Mr. Coolidge is not counting on them to make up that sweeping majority predicted by Mr. Butler and his other campaign backers. If he is, he had better suggest to the officials of his Administration that they refrain from committing pontifical errors about the legal names of women. "The law in this country," said J. R. McCarl, Comptroller General of the United States, "that a wife takes the surname of the husband is as well settled as that the domicile of the wife merges with the domicile of the husband." Well, the Comptroller General is wrong. In most States vestigial remnants of the common law insist that a husband's home must be his wife's—whether she lives there or not. But names, however illogical it may seem to Mr. McCarl, behave differently under the law. By numerous court decisions and the declarations of noted judicial authorities, women may continue legally to use their own names after marriage. In fact, any person may have as his legal name the name he uses habitually and in good faith; he may sign and receive checks under it and insist that other persons address him by it. It is wholly a personal matter, and the young woman who refused to go on the government pay roll under her husband's name should carry her case to the courts and confound the officials who so solemnly declared: "The separate legal entity of the wife is not so generally recognized as to accept the maiden name rather that the surname of the husband. It is today the main distinction between a single woman and a married woman. . . ."

PRESIDENT BARTOLOME MARTINEZ of Nicaragua has paid off the debt on Nicaragua's national railroad, thereby recovering possession—from American bankers—of this one symbol of national sovereignty. Customs and internal-revenue offices and banks are still in alien hands, and the American marines remain. The American minister continues to be the uncrowned monarch of the country, to whom politicians look for approval of their ambitions and their strategy. Fair election measures recommended by the expert commission sent from Washington two years ago have been ignored by the Nicaraguan congress, and for that reason the progressives, now accidentally in possession of the executive power, cannot hope to win the presidency for the four-year term beginning next January. Martinez, who was elected as vice-president in 1920, rose to the higher office on the death last year of Diego Manuel Chamorro, one of the regular Conservative organization. Under the brief regime of this progressive a peasant-labor movement has sprung up, and the Pan-American Federation of Labor has hopefully sent a commission to give it encouragement. Great meetings have been held, rejoicing has been general among men who toil twelve hours for twenty cents a day. But the polls will be manned by the reactionaries, and Nicaraguan progressivism seems doomed to an early eclipse.

CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS and religious bodies may protest, but it is probable none the less that the people of Philadelphia would be glad to see the last of Smedley Butler of the Marines. As good and typical Americans they undoubtedly prefer corruption and even vice to autocracy. They prefer misrule and mulcting by their own home-grown politicians to being bullied, however efficiently and honestly, by an imported dictator. The forces opposing Butler are not, of course, put in motion by an outraged populace; they spring rather from an outraged political machine, protesting and groaning and sadly in need of its customary lubrication. But behind the machine, making possible its effective opposition, is the dislike and irritation of ordinary people who consider themselves neither marines to be ordered about nor subject natives to be bullied. Political corruption has always found a welcome and a home in the dominant Republican organization in Philadelphia; long ago Lincoln Steffens branded the city "corrupt and contented" and proved the justice of the charge. But the opponents of the machine, the discontented, will never conquer the politicians by the methods of Butler. They can do it only by competing with the machine, by winning the interest and loyalty of the people, by producing more freedom, more prosperity, a greater sense of general participation in the job of government. Neither Butler nor Mussolini can establish efficiency and honesty by brute force.

WHILE THE POLITICAL SIDE OF the British labor movement is represented by the Labor Party and its industrial side by the Trades Union Congress, its cultural aspirations have found expression in the Workers' Educational Association, which has just been celebrating its coming of age. The distinguishing feature of this society, born at a meeting of a small group of cooperators and trade unionists held at Toynbee Hall in July, 1903, is the contact it has established between the universities and the manual workers. In its tutorial classes, administered by joint committees on which the universities and the trade unions are alike represented, adult wage-earners pursue their studies under the direction of teachers from Oxford and Cambridge as well as from the newer English universities. The aim throughout is not to make the students better qualified technically for their daily job, nor to train them directly for labor leadership, but by broadening their minds and stimulating their intellectual interests to enable them to play their part more effectively in laying the foundations of a better social order. The W. E. A. long ago lived down the prejudices which it encountered at the start—it is significant that Bishop Temple of Manchester is succeeded in its presidency by Fred Bramley, secretary of the Trades Union Congress. Today the national Board of Education gives it financial assistance.

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THERE ARE WAR-TIME reparations other than those payable in financial currency, and the British Government is about to clear its account of one of them. The statue of Edith Cavell, erected near Trafalgar Square in London, was an insult to her memory. Her dying message to the world, "Patriotism is not enough," has taken its place among the great sayings of history. If any career had a unique epitaph ready to hand, it was surely hers. Yet, on the monument intended to do her honor, one may look in vain for these words. In place of them we find the banal and inappropriate slogan "For King and country," with a figure of the conventional British lion to intensify the slander upon a self-sacrificing woman whose devotion to humanity transcended all national barriers. This wrong is about to be righted. F. W. Jowett, who as First Commissioner of Works in the Labor Government has the supervision of such matters, has given a favorable response to an appeal recently addressed to him, and has decided to inscribe "Patriotism is not enough" on the front of the memorial. It is also reported that there will be placed, immediately beneath, another passage from Miss Cavell's last words, "I hate no man." If the new Government had done nothing else, it would have justified its existence by thus repairing an attempt to turn an invocation of peace and good-will into a perpetual consecration of the war spirit.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR is an Irishman and a journalist and so, little as we like censorship here or abroad, we must grant him a better right than most to object to the importation into England of D. W. Griffith's film "America." This particular picture is a piece of beautiful, stirring, convincing, patriotic bunk. It tells the story of the American revolution in the terms of our schoolbooks before the days of war-time deletions. It makes heroes of the Americans and devils of the British. The only Englishman represented as having a spark of right feeling is William Pitt, who stands alone in the House of Commons and defends the rebellious colonies; but since William Pitt never performed that particular rite, even this one bouquet begins to wither under scrutiny. For the rest—proud, uniformed English troops march by thousands to ultimate defeat against straggling bands of barefoot farm boys; helpless populations die by flame and tomahawk; the atrocities are all on one side and there are many of them; and the beautiful Tory heroine turns patriot long before the end. Mr. O'Connor thinks the film is "calculated to cause a bad relationship between British and Americans." Perhaps it is. But most of the ill-feeling will be stirred up in the United States, which is out of reach of Mr. O'Connor's rod, and a small dose of good, thick American propaganda might do the British schoolboy no harm as a corrective for his own patriotic education. Mr. Griffith is going to England to fight for "America"; it should prove an interesting siege.

SUPPOSE THE UNITED STATES had a national university. Suppose that university and the Government should together undertake to publish the books which they most wanted the general public to have. What would be the earliest titles in the series? To think of the probable taste of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth presidents of the Republic, and of their Cabinets, is not encouraging in such a connection. Let us look over the volumes already published by the University of Mexico, under government subsidy, at a price which should make them, though attractively printed and bound, accessible to many readers. There are three volumes each of Plato and of Homer and two of Plutarch; one of Aeschylus, of Euripides, of Dante, of "Faust," of the New Testament in Spanish; a volume of tales by Tolstoi and of biographies by Romain Rolland—Beethoven, Michelangelo, and Tolstoi. In the introduction to this last, the former Minister of Education, Vasconcelos, says that the series is later to include other classics, down to Ibsen and Shaw. The books are for the most part without annotation, but they are well and spiritedly translated. In such a fashion Mexico replies to the charge that it is settled in illiteracy, and the revolutionary government to the charge that it is hostile to the achievements of the past. Is it pathetic that a precarious administration in a racked country has decided to give its people Aeschylus and Tolstoi rather than bulletins on the hookworm and the potato? Perhaps it is statesmanlike. At a time when Mexico has virtually no publishers and few contacts with the great world of thought and feeling, the Government and the university are supplying the need with a large sagacity.

WE SHALL NOT WAIT until Wednesday morning to hear the election returns this year, and the Tuesday-night extra editions of the newspapers will lose a substantial proportion of their sales. We—several millions of us—will sit at home listening to returns over the radio. It is difficult to grasp the meaning of this intrusive mechanism and appreciate the changes it is working in our social habits. The attempt of Messrs. Doheny and Fall to have their indictment annulled on the ground that members of the grand jury might have been prejudiced by Senator Walsh's radio speeches is another revelation of the influence of the radio. To them, of course, it was just another possible avenue of escape. Any member of any grand jury, in this radio age, may hear any radio speech; and if corruption continues, as it probably will, men will have to speak out against it—in Congress, in the newspapers, "over the air." Such a brazen attempt to escape the toils of the law will not succeed either in freeing the oil men or in reducing the utilization of radio. Radio will spread, not decline. "Revolutionize" is an overworked word; but it is no exaggeration to say that the cheap automobile, the telephone, and the radio are revolutionizing American home life.

THESE ARE DAYS when one thanks God for every shade tree. Accordingly they are good days in which to plan for further planting. We are, at best, a bit slow about tree-planting in this country; France began systematic tree-planting along its national roads in the reign of Francis I, more than three hundred years ago. Indeed, France has a national register of trees planted on the main state highways, which she has kept ever since the year 1599. The last census showed 2,950,238 such trees shading the French national roads. Tree-planting is recognized as an integral part of road-building. When a contract is let for a new state road the specifications include the trees to be set out, and the contractor is responsible for his trees for two years after he sets them out; if they die he is obligated to replace them, and he is not paid in full until the two years have elapsed. It is a wise system, one which America, in its growing interest in the conservation of its natural resources, would do well to emulate.

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Our Southern Neighbors

THE Mexico most familiar to us of the United States is the border country of towns built to serve our own vices. There is another Mexico, a Mexico which has deeper roots in this continent than we, a Mexico, largely of Indian blood and Indian tradition, which would have a right to say to the businesslike Americans who seek to "modernize" it: "If you don't like us, why don't you go back to Europe, where you came from?" That Mexico has suffered much from our attempt to impose upon it the standards of our industrial civilization, and it is not yet clear whether it will be permitted to follow its own course of development, or will be forced to follow channels charted by the world's greed for its oil and mineral wealth. That Mexico expressed itself in the Maderist revolution of 1911, and for more than thirteen years it has gallantly struggled, in the face of our misunderstanding, dislike, and interference, now armed, now economic, to save Mexico for the Mexicans.

Its struggle has a significance that transcends the boundaries of Mexico; other Latin-American countries which are feeling the iron of American capital have followed it with a life-and-death interest; and for us in the United States too it has a historic meaning. That is why *The Nation* has for years devoted what must have seemed a disproportionate share of its space to Mexico; that is the reason for this special Mexican number. We should like to believe that through our pages we have helped to interpret the revolution on our Southern frontier.

Our relations with Mexico have entered what is perhaps their most critical stage; they have become, once more, friendly. The principles of the Mexican revolution were safer when American capital and the American Government stood aloof from Mexico than now. The United States represents in the world today, more than any other government, the principle of the sanctity of property rights. Again and again the clear legal mind of Mr. Hughes has made plain this intense preoccupation with the forms of legality which safeguard property rights. In our attitude toward all the Latin Americans it has been clear; toward Soviet Russia and Mexico it has been disastrously apparent. We refused to recognize the Obregon Government until it had made terms, first with the oil men and then with the international bankers—terms which will weigh hard indeed upon the poverty-stricken masses of Mexico, terms which have already forced the curtailing of Señor Vasconcelos's broad plans for the education of his people. Mexico has had to modify the stringent interpretation first given to the famous Article 27 of her 1917 constitution, which nationalized the subsoil and provided that foreigners might not acquire land, mining, or industrial concessions unless they waived all special treaty rights as foreigners.

Mexico's mineral wealth has been her hope and her despair. It provides an enormous potential revenue for the Government, but it has fallen into the hands of foreigners who have no interest in programs of social and educational reform. The rich oil deposits which were discovered only a quarter of a century ago did nothing to raise the condition of the Mexican peon. Foreigners invested more than half a billion dollars in exploiting them, but the wealth went abroad and the Mexicans learned only the slave side of industrial "progress." When the revolutionary Government attempted to tax the oil exports and use some of the wealth derived from Mexico's soil for Mexico's own people the foreigners protested, shut down their oil wells, subsidized bandits to attack the Government, did everything in the power of conscienceless capital to hinder the reform program. The era of that open struggle has passed; the Mexican Government is on treaty terms with the oil men, and receives a considerable income from oil taxes; but another treaty has robbed her of the benefits of it—the oil revenue goes to pay the interest on bonds, dating back to Diaz's day, held by the international bankers.

The program of land reform also has led to international difficulties. In Diaz's day international speculators bought up the soil of Mexico; the primitive holders of the soil were dispossessed of their fields and reduced to peonage; huge estates and cruel or absentee landlords became the rule. The revolution restored to the peons their lost rights—unequally, to be sure, and often to the accompaniment of force and brutality. But the restoration of the land to the people is a process which still continues and which is likely to be the most permanent achievement of the revolution—as is the case in Soviet Russia and in several other European countries which suffered less violent revolutions. It is a process which we of the United States should observe and ponder. For, as Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society, remarks:

> If the present processes continue unchecked we shall have the case of Mexico repeated in other countries where we are making heavy investments . . . . Investment made regardless of the social and political life of the country involved is gambling, not business. . . . If the people own less and less of the land it is only a question of time until they take it back by force or by changing the fundamental laws, which amounts to the same thing. In the resulting revolution the foreigner loses like the native. . . . No fundamental study of Latin-American problems has yet been made by any branch of our Government. We have dealt so far only with manners, the amenities of life, and the opportunities to do a profitable business.

As Mr. Bowman suggests, a certain amount of violence is almost certain to accompany any attempt to restore the land to the people. That violence may be minimized; it will hardly be eliminated, and where foreigners have bought up the land it will lead to international complications. Such an instance is the present dispute between Mexico and England. Mexican officials attempted to nationalize the ranch owned by an American-born Englishwoman; she, aided by other foreigners, offered armed resistance; eventually, she was shot. It may have been agrarian revenge; it may be, as the Government charges, that forces hostile to it deliberately provoked the incident in the hope of forcing intervention. Mr. Schoenfeld, the American chargé d'affaires handling this incident, acted with tact and sympathy; and the affair is fading from memory as it should. An attitude of brusk bullying, such as England and the United States all too frequently assume on such occasions, might have led to a repetition of the dreary events of the past decade. We may hope that we have turned the corner. If the industrialized governments and peoples could absorb the spirit revealed in the article by the former Mexican Minister of Education which we print in this issue of *The Nation*, there would be no difficulty in maintaining friendship with our southern neighbors.

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The New Peace in Europe

IN the first place, it is at least a negotiated peace and not a dictated one which has been concluded in London. In the second, the tone and spirit of the conference were different from those of any other since the war. In the third, there was a determination to reach a successful conclusion, and as a result of all this we have the beginning of a real peace. A step forward has been taken which ought to be a milestone in the return to sanity and good-will in Europe, a beginning of the end of bitterness and hatred, a first genuine move toward readjusting relations in Europe. When it is recalled that only last fall Europe seemed drifting rapidly into a new war—the present Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air in Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet, wrote in *The Nation* last January: "The French Government should be made to understand that, in the last resort, force can be met with force"—it is evident that a far-reaching change has come over Europe. French, Germans, and English have met on an equal footing, negotiated in a friendly and fair way, without threats or saber-rattling, have come to respect and value each other in the process, and have shaken hands at the conclusion of the negotiations. If this is not a cause for world-wide jubilation we do not know what could be.

At the same time we are under no illusions as to the settlement. It has been a series of compromises in which Germans and French have been controlled by fear of their respective parliaments. We do not doubt that M. Herriot instead of evacuating two towns on August 18 would gladly, so far as he personally is concerned, have ordered all the troops out of the Ruhr. Fear of Poincaré and the Nationalist forces in the Chamber compelled him to insist upon a year for the evacuation of the Ruhr and the righting of that hideous wrong to an innocent and ill-treated labor population with which, as an individual, M. Herriot without any doubt has the profoundest sympathy. Treaties and agreements that are built upon such compromises are usually as if erected upon shifting sands. Nor are we certain that the agreement itself is possible of execution by the Germans. When so profound a student of European affairs as Mr. Maynard Keynes declares that the compromise is unworkable, we very much fear that the Germans may have committed themselves to a program beyond their power in their compelling desire for some kind of basis for progress and the financial and commercial upbuilding of their country, with the inevitable result that they may before long again be accused of Punic faith. That is in a measure guarded against by the system of arbitration proposed in the case of a default; but the mischief is done as soon as it is spread abroad by the hostile press that the Germans have welshed again. We share the opinion of the Union of Democratic Control in England that the principle underlying the whole reparations problem is morally wrong and politically unwise, and we find it difficult to see how payments can be made by Germany on the scale demanded of her without unsettling economic conditions in Europe. And yet we do not see what else could have been done by all concerned save to accept the Dawes plan and try it out.

To us, however, the most sinister aspect of this settlement is the increased power over Europe it gives to American finance. We are well aware that the conduct of the individual financiers in London has been helpful, straightforward, and above board. It has happened that in insisting upon the terms for the marketing of their bonds they have fought the battle of common sense and justice. These American bankers are themselves largely pawns in the game. By force of circumstances we are being maneuvered into a position where Europe and England are becoming literally vassals of our money market, and that is anything but a fortunate situation for the world. The danger of it can only be offset by enlightenment, friendly good-will, and the absence of economic and military imperialism in the Government at Washington.

To Ramsay MacDonald, in our judgment, belongs the chief credit for what has happened. We are well aware that Mr. Coolidge and Ambassador Kellogg are throwing bouquets at each other and that there is much ado in the press about the wonderful role played by the Americans during the negotiations. We would not withhold from Caesar one iota of the praise that is due him; to Owen D. Young, General Dawes, Col. Logan, Ambassadors Houghton and Kellogg, and all the other Americans, we record our unstinted praise and our admiration. But the day when the change came over Europe was the one on which Ramsay MacDonald, the pacifist and internationalist, took office. From that hour the new spirit has arisen; from that hour the menace of war, so apparent in England in November, 1923, began to disappear. We hear from some quarters much criticism of Mr. MacDonald because he, a minority Prime Minister, has not achieved greater domestic reforms. We have no hesitation in recording our opinion that the treaty with Russia and the settlement of the reparations problem, incomplete and temporary as they are, are none the less achievements to make it possible to say that the British Premier has justified his ministry one hundred times over. It will stand forth for these things alone as a great and noble-spirited Government of England.

Mr. Coolidge Stands Pat

MR. COOLIDGE has embraced the only course open to him—he has stood pat brazenly. In accepting the Republican presidential nomination he declares all is well with America and with his Government. No one reading it would dream that his and Mr. Harding's administrations have been stamped with corruption, that he himself was compelled to drive two of his Cabinet into retirement, one of whom has not dared to face his accusers, while a third Harding departmental head is under indictment for bribery. Absolutely false is Mr. Coolidge's assertion that "wherever there have been suspicions of guilt, involving members of any party, I have caused them to be investigated and presentation made to the grand jury." He lifted no finger to uncover the wrongdoing; his Department of Justice, far from being on the *qui vive* to follow up the slightest trail, did its best to hamper every action of the investigators, an assistant attorney general sitting in the inquiry room as a defender of the accused! Nor has the President had the manliness to urge the quashing of the indictment of Senator Wheeler, whose fellow-Senators proved that indictment to be a deliberate frame-up by Republican office-holders and party officials. Yet the President says: "I propose to use every possible effort to resist corruption in office. The American Government must be clean"! Mr. Pecksniff could have done no better.

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As for the rest, Mr. Coolidge displays well his party's achievements, often overstating, exaggerating, and glorifying, notably Mr. Mellon's conduct of the Treasury. The inevitable decrease of expenses as we moved away from the war is recorded as a superb achievement. He even takes great credit to himself for the financial bill passed by insurgents and Democrats, expecting the public to forget that he declared that he would never, never sign any bill which varied an iota from the Mellon proposals. Who would dream of that on reading these words: "A new tax bill was passed this spring carrying still further reductions and under its *apparent* [italics ours] influence there seems [*sic*] to be the beginnings of another increase of prosperity"? Equally misleading is his declaration as to our Latin-American neighbors that "at their request we have undertaken to compose their difficulties." As if Mr. Wilson had not refused to recognize Huerta, Mr. Coolidge dares to say: "We also indicated the adoption of a policy of making it worth while for a government so to conduct itself as to merit our recognition"! Not one word to indicate how his Secretary of State browbeat Mexico's Government in the interest of America's oil barons; not one word as to the way our Government has become the advocate and chief asset of our oil and other business men, from Turkey and Rumania to China.

Even this misrepresentation is surpassed by Mr. Coolidge. Speaking for the party which has done more to establish special privileges, to grant governmental favors to private individuals, to create monopolies, to turn the very government itself over to the great capitalists (who have for generations filled the Republican campaign treasury and obtained what they asked in the way of legislative favors), Mr. Coolidge writes: "We oppose the artificial supports of privilege and monopoly because they are both unjust and uneconomic." This from the pen of one who in three separate places upholds and glorifies the protective tariff, that sinister harlot-mother of trusts and of monopolies! Indeed there is no limit to Mr. Coolidge's glorification of Republican idols. The half-loaf Washington armament conference was *"sublime";* he and his party saved "American agriculture, labor, and industry from the menace of having their great home market destroyed through dumping . . ."; "there was an avalanche of war-worn peoples and suddenly cheapened merchandise impending upon us."

It is useless to go on. These are not all hypocrisies or deliberate falsehoods. They are the words of a pigmy at a great task. They are the record of a mind utterly incapable of understanding many of the problems that confront it. They are the inconsistent and inconsequent flounderings of a man who deserves all pity. Fate has pitchforked him into a place beyond his intellectual power. A merciful defeat is what his best friends should wish for him. Meanwhile, we are profoundly grateful that the Republican doctrine of crass and corrupt materialism, of government by favor and government by privilege, is thus set forth. Mr. Coolidge has stood pat. He and his party are without that vision for lack of which a party perishes. For them there is nothing new in the world, no new sail upon the horizon. Mr. Coolidge has nailed his party's colors to the mast. It is the historic black flag, and it declares war upon every progressive ideal. It serves notice that, if Mr. Coolidge should remain President, the ship of state will continue to head directly for the shoals of corruption, of selfishness, of greed, and of human exploitation.

The Saga of the S. S. Iceberg

A MONTH'S voyage on an iceberg, ending in its wreck and the landing of the crew on the uninhabited and icebound cliffs of Greenland—this is the strange sea saga sent from Reykjavik, Iceland, by Helen Augur, printed in the New York *Herald Tribune* of August 18.

Thirty-one men sailed away from Denmark more than a year ago in the steamship Teddy. They went to explore the east coast of Greenland—with an eye to its possibilities for colonization! What they discovered or decided in that regard we are for the present left in the dark; for their adventures homeward bound have eclipsed the rest. Anyhow the Teddy and its sailors bold started back on August 9 of last year from a point about 75° degrees north latitude. It was a poor moment to trust themselves to the Arctic waters, for it is at that season that the ice-fields around the Pole, thawed by the long, long day which is the northland's summer, begin to break into bergs and drift southward, augmented by great masses which break off the Greenland glaciers as they reach the open sea.

Just the same the Teddy's crew set forth. They had made hardly more than fifty miles to the south, and about the same distance east from the Greenland coast, when they found themselves icebound. The Teddy was a stout ship and for a month it endured the crunching and grinding of the ice all about, but could make practically no progress in any direction. Then the leakage was so great that the crew could no longer fight against it with the pumps. Presto! They abandoned the Teddy and, setting up ship on the nearest iceberg, continued their voyage. A strict nautical regime was followed. The deckhouse of the Teddy was set up on the S. S. Iceberg, with all the instruments for navigation, and the position of the new ship was regularly taken and charted. Everything was neat and shipshape except for lack of engines below and rudder and propeller astern.

But, like the Teddy, the S. S. Iceberg leaked. Only it leaked at the top instead of the bottom; its main deck began to melt. The first man to wake in the morning would reach his hand down from his hammock and after taking soundings would advise the others whether to turn out in high or low boots. A watch of two men was set for protection against polar bears. "It was a question," says the account, "whether the bear or the crew would get a free meal." All of which sounds amusing, but it was amusement with about a 100 to 1 chance that the curtain would be death in an icy sea for all hands. The one hope was that the S. S. Iceberg would drift along the Greenland shore so that somehow its crew could escape over the ice floes to the Eskimo settlement of Angmagsalik, some 600 miles down the Greenland coast from the point from which the Teddy had set out. The optimistic leader of the crew gave out the slogan: "Angmagsalik by Christmas."

Then the S. S. Iceberg split in a roaring Arctic tempest; its deckhouse was rent apart as a chasm opened up. The crew slipped overboard in their sledges, intrusting themselves to the field of broken ice about them. What hope was left? Any? But here blind chance intervened in their behalf. A favoring wind carried the treacherous ice toward land. Before them rose "Greenland's icy mountains"—forbidding, but a chance for life. They scaled the walls; by good fortune they found an Eskimo bear hunter; they were saved.

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Art and Revolution in Mexico

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

THE Mexican revolution is a very patchy and unsystematic affair. Like most institutional changes in a world of conflicting forces it lacks the unity of a picture, the logic of a rational system, or the structural consistency of a poem. Government in the interest of worker or peasant in two or three states—notably in Yucatan and Veracruz; fragmentary attempts at the installation of political democracy; sporadic distribution of *ejidos*, or bits of large estates, to landless peasants; a government without unity, made up of a curious intermixture of liberals and conservatives; a political power representing not a single class but an uncertain balance of power between the partially awakened workers and peasants on the one hand and the influence of foreign capital, especially that of American interests, on the other—such is the unsystematic reality of the moment in Mexico.

Only in the work of the philosopher, the artist, and the poet have the effects of the revolution assumed system and unity. The new content and form of art and poetry, perhaps because artist and poet always seek unity in composition and consistency in structure, seem to be the most complete, the most logical, the most "revolutionary" of the by-products of the Mexican revolution.

The delightful and amusing results of this inexorable logic in artist and poet are: the Communist Union of Painters and Sculptors and the League of Revolutionary Writers.

Neither of these organizations is quite what its name suggests. The first would seem on the face of it an organization of painters of Communist propaganda posters and the second a league of writers of legends to go with the posters. But in reality the first is an organization of artists according to the critic's acceptation of that word, and the second, of eager young men most of whom have published a book or two and who try to write—principally poetry. Aesthetically, the first assumes tremendous importance because it includes (I am almost tempted to say "it consists of") Diego Rivera, Mexico's greatest painter and, in the judgment of competent foreign critics, one of the biggest figures in contemporary art. The dominant and dominating figure in the other organization is the poet Carlos Gutiérrez Cruz, a fair-sized figure among the young poets of Mexico, but Mexican poetry for the moment is at a low ebb and Mexican painting at high tide.

By M. Covarrubias

A Caricature of Diego Rivera

Says the Statement of Principles of the Communist Union of Painters and Sculptors, which, by the way, is affiliated to the Red International of Moscow:

> We believe that the solution of the social and material problems of the painters and sculptors of Mexico, identified as these problems are with those of the rest of the world's workers, will naturally bring with it the solution of the problems of aesthetics, for in this way we will take part as an active element in collective life, something we have not hitherto done, and our work will thereby become the logical reflection of the popular character.

The union believes in the "overthrow of the present social mechanism," and these wielders of brushes and pens paradoxically enough believe in "employing force" against the force used by the bourgeoisie.

Diego Rivera and his comrades refuse to paint for the "bourgeoisie." He has told me many times that he believes their taste is execrable and that the secret of the "bad art" of bourgeois painters is their obligation to paint the fat possessor of shekels and his fat wife and to try to make of the painting at the same time "a good likeness" and a portrait that "favors the sitter." Consequently Rivera paints only for the Revolutionary Government, or, rather, for the more revolutionary departments of the Government, for as I have said the Government is not a unit. In practice, he painted murals for the Department of Education under José Vasconcelos and for the Department of Agriculture under De Negri. When General Calles becomes president Rivera hopes to get an opportunity at "the biggest wall I ever had" on some big public building where all the workers can come and enjoy his painting. The Communist painter's vision of the cooperative commonwealth is not unlike the vision of heaven in Browning's Andrea del Sarto.

> Four great walls in the New Jerusalem . . .
> For Leonard, Rafael, Agnolo, and me
> To cover . . .

While Manuel Lourdes, painter for "the bourgeoisie," gets 8,000 pesos for the portrait of Horacio Casasus, Diego Rivera earns precisely twelve pesos a day and often works twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours a day with feverish intensity to earn it. Twelve pesos are six dollars; a sign painter in the United States earns more. I tell him so.

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He laughs and answers, almost reprovingly: "That's several times as much as the average worker here earns. And he works much harder than I. I love my work. He does not. He should be better paid than I."

The statutes of the League of Revolutionary Writers express a similar attitude. They too are "in accord with Moscow," although none of their members, so far as I know, have joined the Communist Party. They too believe that the artist and poet should get a living wage out of his trade, no more and no less. The second article of their aims reads: "To render effective the concept that the writer is a worker." And the third: "To study and devise measures for making the pen a means of livelihood for any man who may be able to wield it."

Gutiérrez Cruz recently published a book. It was poetry, some part of it good poetry. It was badly printed on cheap green paper such as is used here for broadsheet ballads. It had no cover. It was sewed together with thread. It had been printed to sell at five centavos per copy.

"I used to publish my books for the bookshops and libraries and well-to-do book-buyers," he informed me. "But now I write for the peasants, and five centavos represent a big sum to them."

"How about your poetry living in the future? Can it survive if it's printed and bound that way?" I queried.

"When you read it," he told me, "you will find that it is intended to survive in oral tradition among the peasantry. The Indian is fond of proverbs, of bits of accumulated wisdom and poetry, of little poems of two or three lines usually made up of a single pictoric image like a Japanese *hai-kai*. Our Indians have their own *hai-kais* in which is stored the accumulated wisdom of our race. But their wisdom is old. It is out of date. So I have tried to give them a new store of wisdom and fresh images. They will pass into oral tradition and the name of their author will be forgotten."

"Do you intend to publish all your books that way in the future?"

"Principally. My next book will be printed on cheap paper to sell cheaply, except for about fifty copies. They will go to the critics of the press. The critics won't review a book unless it's dressed according to the conventions."

Although Diego Rivera is naturally the bigger figure, there is much spiritual kinship between this boy Cruz—he is only 25—and the great painter. In fact, two of Rivera's recent paintings were inspired by verses of Cruz. One of them is called The Embrace. It adorns one of the walls of the *patio* of the Secretariat of Education. It portrays a worker and a peasant, each in the characteristic costume of the country, holding each other in close embrace, and as an integral part of the pictures one reads the verses, which in crude and ametrical translation I append:

> Toilers of field and factory,
> Disinherited of liberty,
> Make stronger the bond
> That unites you in struggle and suffering
> Into a firm embrace of force and love . . .
> After that embrace
> You will no longer pay tribute nor homage,
> And the field and the factory
> Will give all of their fruits
> To you.

It was the sight of this painting that, according to Rivera, inspired the Minister of Agriculture, De Negri, to engage him to paint the walls of the Agricultural College at Chapingo.

The other painting inspired by verses by Gutiérrez Cruz is also in the *patio* of the Secretariat of Education, but it no longer bears the verses. They were too revolutionary even for a revolutionary government department, and although the picture remains, the verses were erased by presidential order. Roughly translated they read:

> Comrade miner,
> Bent double by the weight of the earth,
> When your hand extracts metals
> Fashion them into daggers
> And then you will see
> That all the metals are for you.

Such is the "revolutionary ideology" that forms the background of some of the most important art and some not very important poetry that is being produced in Mexico. Whether it is the first flush of the dawn or only the red after-glow of a revolutionary sunset, no one can yet decide. The artists themselves have their own opinion on the matter as well as their own conscious theories of their respective arts. I shall close this article with a translation of some of the theories of Gutiérrez Cruz written especially for my use and for the readers of *The Nation:*

> To create a new type of aesthetics in harmony with the new developments in the aspirations and activities of humanity, it is necessary to dispense with certain elements which are generally thought necessary to a work of art.
>
> The principal of these elements is preciosity. The poets of the new lyricism must rid themselves of preciosity because it has no value outside the circles of the "refined"—authentic enemies of nature and of equality, absolutely incapacitated for noble and laborious activity.
>
> Communistic literature, then, will not be precious but sober, clear, simple, virginal, as are the spirits of the folk who have need of it, as are the peasants in their life and in their thoughts. We must have a faith in the work of nature, free of all artifice. The adherents of preciosity detest the rudeness of nature and the natural. All their thought is conditioned by an acceptance of the unnatural condition in which the fruits of the earth are monopolized by the little group which makes up the class of "refined tastes."
>
> The new lyric is imbued with the passion of the despoiled ones. Its tragedy lies in the lyric woes of the oppressed; it seeks beauty in picturing a world more beautiful not in the dubious "golden age" of the past, but in a golden age which it sees in the future. Hence it dispenses also with the romantic claptrap of the "far away" and the "long ago" and it looks for suffering and beauty in the "here" and "now"—or the here and tomorrow morning.
>
> Born as many of them were in a bourgeois environment, educated to bourgeois aesthetic taste, not all of the members of our League of Revolutionary Writers are yet able to adjust themselves to the simplicity which is the essential quality of the new lyric. They write libertarian lyrics in the manner to which the bourgeois intellectual is accustomed. He accepts the lyric because he recognizes the to him authentic aesthetics and craftsmanship of it, and then he is either puzzled and shaken or won over by it, or at the least quite properly scandalized.
>
> Naturally the device "art for life's sake" or, perhaps, "art for the freeing and beautifying of life" comes nearer to being our motto. The "bitterness" and the "love" of which a voluptuous and elegant poet talks has nothing in common with the bitterness of the folk who suffer and the love of the comrades who fight for their fellows. Their poetry is a flight from what they find inharmonious in the life around them; our poetry is an attempt to fashion the life around us into a harmony. That is why we are revolutionaries.

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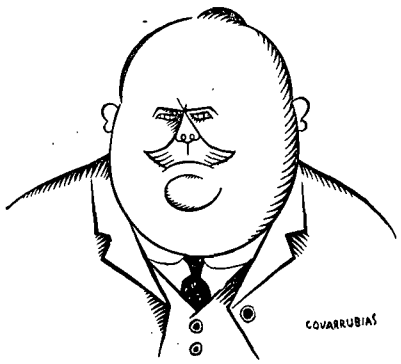
Mexico's Credit: The Vital Issue

By RAFAEL NIETO

VERY little has been written outside of Mexico on the Mexican banking problem. And the scanty literature on the subject, including the books and pamphlets written in the Los Angeles Branch of the University of California by experts and savants in the service and pay of Mr. Edward L. Doheny, constitutes mainly a bitter criticism of the work accomplished by the Mexican revolution and a challenge of the state bank of issue which the Mexican Government has been trying to organize.



Alvaro Obregon, President of Mexico

Around the establishment of a central bank of issue the chief financial struggle in Mexico has centered. Article 28 of the Mexican constitution prescribes a compulsory control of the bank by the state. The big financiers—Mexican and foreign—oppose with tooth and nail the loss of this formidable financial power. And the labor leaders and radicals contend that if the future right to issue paper money and to control the credit system of the country through the weapon of the new central bank is to be held by the big financial interests, all the tears and sufferings and misery of the Mexican people in a protracted strife to conquer economic freedom will have been in vain.

At the close of the Diaz regime there were in Mexico twenty-four banks of issue: the two most important, in Mexico City, were controlled entirely by foreign capital, French, English, and Spanish; the other twenty-two were scattered through the states and operated on small amounts of capital, mainly Mexican and Spanish. Even before the revolution this unscientific banking system had proved a total failure. Señor Limantour, General Diaz's able Secretary of the Treasury, accepted responsibility for the failure and tried without success in his last years to substitute a single central bank of issue for the multiple system then in operation.

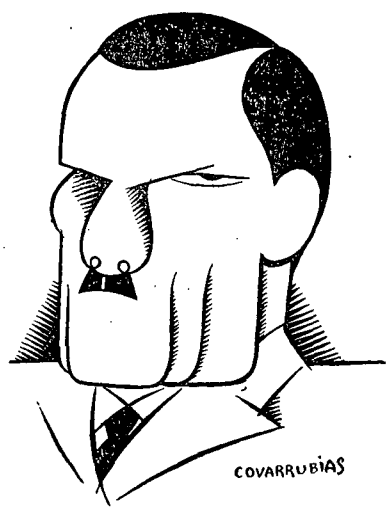
The old banks of issue generally had their bills discounted and their loans in a state of stagnation; their debtors, working on a system of many-times-renewed credits, were always the same; as a general rule, the banks' own directors were their principal and in many cases almost their only debtors; and several banks of issue in the states had granted their directors loans for amounts larger than their own working capital.

In February, 1908, Señor Limantour, alarmed by these discouraging symptoms, assembled the representatives of all the banks, and several reforms in the banking law were approved, the principal of which would have deprived the provincial banks of the right to issue paper money, and have turned them into credit institutions without the privilege of issuing money and with the right to make loans for longer terms than those allowed to the banks of issue. This measure, ill-conceived and worse executed, was wholly ineffective, for only two of the smallest local banks became credit institutions of this sort.

As the result of the irresolute and weak banking policy of the Government and the inability and corruption of many of the high officials in the banks of issue, these corporations reached the revolutionary period, with very few exceptions, in a state of total demoralization, and certainly more than half of them in a condition of practical bankruptcy. It has been said that the old banks of issue were ruined by a compulsory loan of fifty-three million pesos imposed upon them in 1916 by the Government of President Carranza. This is not true; the large majority of the banks of issue were already ruined long before Carranza's Government imposed such a loan. By 1913 they had ceased to fulfil the legal obligation to exchange their notes "at par, at sight, and to the bearer," and in January, 1914, under the Government of Victoriano Huerta, the depreciation of their notes had already reached an average of 30 per cent. In December of the same year their notes were quoted at no more than 35 per cent of their nominal value; and in September, 1916, before the compulsory loan to President Carranza's Government, the average of their notes on the market was below 25 per cent of their face value.

It has been said that the banks of issue lost large sums of money through their compulsory acceptance of the paper money circulated during the revolution. This is only a partial truth applicable to a minority of the banks; most of them speculated with the paper money and obtained more or less illegitimate profits; and if in some cases they reported losses in accepting depreciated paper money in payment of credits, in many cases they canceled their own liabilities with the same depreciated currency.

President Carranza's Government granted the banks in 1915 a reasonable term in which to adjust according to the old banking law their stocks of gold and silver to the proportion legally fixed in respect to their circulation of bank notes, and none of the banks could do it, although the term was extended until 1916. At the end of this year, when the Government's paper money reached the extreme limit of depreciation and had practically ceased to serve as money, President Carranza, in a moment of supreme national necessity, took the fifty-three million pesos which the banks kept in gold and silver in their vaults. Since then and until now the only means of exchange in Mexico has been gold and silver coin.



Plutarco Elias Calles, President-elect

A Mexican writer of conservative tendencies who has bitterly opposed the work of the revolution, Don Francisco

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Bulnes, acknowledged the banking disaster previous to the Mexican social upheaval. He says:

> I was the first to submit, in the year 1904, to the budget committee in the Chamber of Deputies . . . a report on Mexican banks, in which I foretold that they were marching to their doom; and so it happened, for long before the revolution all of them were legally bankrupt, some of them in a tragic and others in a fraudulent way. My report was read by the committee and submitted to the Secretario de Hacienda, Sr. Limantour, in the presence of Attorney Pineda. There was not a single voice raised against it; it was approved with the resolution that it would remain in the files without being published, to prevent a financial panic in the republic.

In 1916 the Mexican Government ordered an official investigation of all the banks of issue. This process, justified by the condition of the banks, lasted until 1921 and entailed the analysis of all their books and documents. The result was a confirmation of the fact that the entire system was rotten and broken down by its own internal disease, the revolution being nothing more than the agent which revealed its inner and progressive deterioration. President Obregon's Government could pay the banks tomorrow the fifty-three million pesos taken by President Carranza's Government; but probably not three of them would be able to adjust their cash stocks to the limit prescribed by the old law, nor give back their deposits, nor pay their notes "at par, at sight, and to the bearer," as the law requires.

After including in Article 28 of the Mexican constitution of 1917 the provision that the new and only bank of issue should be under the state's control, President Carranza's Government sent to the Congress a draft of a law to regulate the organization and operation of the new banking institution. The law left a wide margin for the cooperation of private capital and private financiers but kept for the Government the control required by the constitution.

Then began a bitter campaign on the part of the conservative press and the big interests against state control. The opposition was so powerful that for two successive sessions the Chamber of Deputies was unable to discuss the law. Finally in 1921 President Obregon's Government took up the question again. The same opposition to state control developed, and every kind of inducement was offered the Government to leave the new credit institution in the hands of the old bankers and financiers. Fortunately, neither President Obregon nor the congressional committee yielded, but the problem had to be postponed again. It was expected meanwhile to negotiate with foreign creditors regarding the settlement of the national public debt.

And here the French bankers tried to take advantage of the inexperience of Adolfo de la Huerta, the Mexican Minister of Finance. During the conferences which took place in New York with the International Committee of Bankers, Señor de la Huerta paid no heed to the persistent instructions from President Obregon to obtain first of all the money necessary to organize the central bank of issue as well as the funds needed for the irrigation works of the country, as the only means of meeting afterward interest payments and the amortization of the public debt. On the contrary he effected a compromise on the debt and accepted verbal assurances in regard to future loans. Later on the French bankers forced the Mexican Minister of Finance to accept a curious project: Through the nominal advance of $6,000,000—which was to be held in France—and the subscription by the old Mexican banks of the amounts due to them by the Mexican Treasury, the long-projected bank of issue was to be started. The Mexican Government was offered shares and doubtful profits, but the whole Mexican banking and financial system was to be left in the hands of the French financiers. The Mexican Government would not even have the right to appoint a single member of the board of directors of the new bank, notwithstanding the constitutional insistence on state control. President Obregon rejected the draft of the French financiers, although he signed the general agreement.

And the problem is still unsolved. It has not been possible to establish the bank of issue. There are no bank notes in Mexico nor any state paper money, and checks and bank drafts are used so sparingly, owing to the low level of bank deposits, that they hardly contribute to the amount of money in circulation. The currency circulating in Mexico—gold and silver coins—is inadequate to provide for the necessities of production and distribution. And consequently credit, already seriously affected by the political instability, becomes worse through lack of the medium of exchange. There is probably at present no other country in the world where the usual rate of discount, even with a mortgage guaranty, varies between 18 and 36 per cent per annum. And of course, in such conditions, the economic life of the country languishes and starves.

The old bankers reckon with this. Their own interest drives them to make more and more acute the credit crisis in order to force the Government again to turn over to them the control of the Mexican finances. A commission of bankers and experts have been working for some months on a plan for regulating the non-issuing banks. So far they have not touched the question of the central bank of issue; but they promise to submit a proposal on the matter.

Since 1916, when Mexico's paper money went through its worst crisis and finally disappeared, the Mexican Government has maintained a monetary commission, with an entire banking organization, which has since been operating in the market on the same lines as a bank. This state bank (for it is nothing else), working almost without capital of its own, has nevertheless made profits of over ten million pesos, has established a sound banking credit, and has been a success in many lines. Of course its success has been due in part to the economic and financial power of the state, but this is an additional argument to oppose to the idea of delivering a new central bank to the private bankers, since that economic and financial power would be the most important factor in the success of such a state-controlled bank of issue. Indeed the monetary commission would only need a little more freedom and a not very large injection of capital to fill, with a certainty of success, the place of the long-projected state bank.

Mexico is already paying, perhaps at the wrong moment and to her disadvantage, interest on her public foreign debt. One might think that the international bankers could lend Mexico a few million pesos more to organize a state bank, without imposing restrictions which would lessen her financial freedom. But if the international bankers refuse, the new Government must turn the monetary commission into a *Banco de la República Mexicana;* and, notwithstanding serious handicaps, begin with its own means to expand the circulation of money to reestablish credit, and to put on a sound basis the financial autonomy of the republic. Mexico needs an independent economic development with the aid of foreign capital, but she can never accept submission to the capitalists of the world.

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The Jew in Mexico

By ANITA BRENNER

MEXICO faces, in her work of reconstruction, the untangling of an amazing number of racial problems. She must reconcile the East and the West, the primitive and the ultra-modern. All castes, all creeds, all stages of "progress" must be merged into a coherent whole. And yet, curiously enough, Mexico lacks the universal "Jewish question." Here, as in several other Latin-American countries, there is no Jewish problem because ostensibly there is no Jew. To the average Mexican, the Judío (Jew) is purely a Biblical demon. He is the traitor who betrayed Christ. And as such he burns him in effigy during Holy Week, and as such he curses him and shudders at his name. Serapia, my old nurse, had always solemnly assured me that all Judíos were horned and tailed and drank children's blood; and I did not know until we had left Mexico that by all rights we ourselves should possess the wicked little horns and carefully concealed tail.

Even today, with the exception of some members of the upper middle classes and the intellectuals, Mexico still believes the old church myths about the Jew, and, what is still more wonderful, Mexico believes that all the Jews are either damned or in Jerusalem. This in the face of the fact that the Jewish population of Mexico City alone numbers several thousands. Jewish immigrants are flooding Mexico, from Poland, Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Arabia, even Palestine. Yet all of them are called simply *extranjeros*—foreigners—or more specifically Rusos, Alemanes, Turcos, Árabes.

Precisely because he is excluded by certain immigration restrictions from entering the United States the Jew in Mexico is rapidly becoming omnipresent. As a peddler he travels through the entire country with his pack of socks, ties, dry-goods, hardware, saint-images, and crucifixes—"literally fulfilling," said one with a smile, "the old accusation of selling the Christ." The Eastern Jews, who have a long-established semi-colony in Mexico City, practically monopolize the silk and rug markets. The old-timer, usually a French, German, English, or Spanish Jew, is to be found in the big businesses, the banks, the importing and exporting houses, the mines and haciendas. The educated newcomer from Germany, Russia, England is a doctor, a lawyer, a teacher. In the foremost ranks of labor leaders are found Jews; doing scientific research work are Jews; Jews hold important and highly trustworthy government positions. It is even said that the prophet of Mexico's renaissance, the dreamer and revolutionist Madero, was the son of a man who prayed every morning in Hebrew with phylacteries upon his forehead.

The Jew is everywhere, but astoundingly unperceived. He is never known as a Judío to Mexicans, and often he is incognito to his own people. Because he likes Mexico and its people he very rapidly identifies himself with it. Nearly all the immigrants succeed eventually in reaching their Mecca—America. And yet each one returns. He comes back to Mexico from *gefüllte fisch* and synagogues, bringing perhaps a Jewish wife, perhaps a new stock of merchandise, a sprinkling of English, and an agglomeration of American ideas. But he makes his home Mexican, and he speaks Spanish, dropping his comfortable Yiddish even within the family. And in a startlingly short time he has become part of the country he has adopted.

Not very long ago I was dancing at the house of a friend with a young man who seemed quite Mexican in his speech, his manner, his appearance. And within a few moments he had placed himself, Daniel Levy, with smiling Mexican courtesy, "at my service." Upon another occasion I had dropped into one of the large curio and book stores of Mexico City for a chat with a most agreeable, supposedly Spanish gentleman who hunted books from the top shelves for me. I inquired for Zangwill's "King of Schnorrers." He regretted very much that at present the book was not in stock, but if I desired he could constitute himself a genuine *King of Schmoozers* (*schmooz* is to talk) for me.

It is practically an historical axiom that the Jew thrives on prejudice, on persecution; tolerated, he loses the intensity of his race consciousness, tends to disseminate and assimilate. But in Mexico the assimilation of the Jew is more than a tendency, it is the key of his future in the new land. Not only does the Jewish tradition of race preservation struggle—if one may put it so—against a wholly unexpected tolerance; it is completely disconcerted, undermined, by the Mexican attitude of indifference. And, somehow, there hardly seems any point in being a Jew and declaring so passionately when no one prohibits it. The whole procedure becomes a little ridiculous.

The Mexican attitude of casual tolerance does not, however, limit itself to religious fields. Personally, socially, he does not hate the Jew, and consequently the Jew cannot despise him, as he always has despised the Gentile in other lands. If there is no hate and no contempt, there is no reason for aloofness. That is why Mexico City, with its very large Jewish population, has no Jewish community. In fact, the *extranjeros* are divided among themselves, first in two large groups, the Eastern and Western, and each of these in itself, through differences of nationality. While the Easterners have made an attempt to preserve their race individuality—they have a synagogue, rabbis, a Hebrew school—the attempt takes on a character of pathos. Their zeal has a broken backbone, and their struggles are fruitless. The immigrants, in Europe the most orthodox of all Jews, become in Mexico actually indifferent to the lack of both rabbi and synagogue. They accept Mexicans on a friendly, even an intimate footing. Gradually, unconsciously, because by the outsiders they are not considered primarily as Jews, they themselves forget the all-embracing character of their religion. They drift, hardly realizing where, and not particularly concerned.

There is even a strong element which does understand the nature of the disintegration that is going on and which is glad of it, deliberately advocating it. These "liberals" say that the race, in spite of its prophecies, has no divine mission to fulfil in the modern world. They say there is absolutely no reason why the Jews must continue to preserve themselves a race apart. They say that they have suffered far too much already for the sake of an outworn religion and because of a great deal of blind stubbornness. And while the majority of the Jews do not echo their

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words, their attitudes mold themselves on these doctrines.

But whatever the opinion, whatever the conclusion, the situation exists; it is not the manifestation of certain Jews. It is a deeper phenomenon, it is part of the social reorganization of Mexico. It is explainable and inevitable. Even did the Jews not wish themselves acclimatized, adapted, and molded into the future Mexico, they would be powerless to prevent it. A synagogue and a rabbi could serve only retardation purposes. Intermarriage is certain, simply because Jewish men are many and Jewish women few. In spite of rabbis, Jewish homes, papers, and clubs, the Jew will be forced into the fiber of the coming Mexico. He is losing himself in a race that is finding itself. For Mexico, all Latin America, is today breaking into its first stride, is literally being born. The complex elements that have for several hundred years made Mexico a land of many peoples are beginning to web together. The Jew here is at his world-old task of disseminating, underpinning, pushing, spreading the new civilization. If he has ever had a purpose, a special mission, this of welding, because of his remarkable fitness for it, is surely the "divine role."

That the assimilation of the Jew in Mexico is desirable, undesirable, moral, immoral, a religious betrayal, rank apostasy, or an enlightened salvation—these phrases are hardly relevant. Words can do no more than clarify a movement that is stronger than all the preservatives in the world. Consciously or unconsciously, unwilling, acquiescent or deliberate, the Jew in Mexico, whether he is Arabian, Turkish, Russian, English, Polish, or German, whether he is merchant, teacher, peddler, or artist, educated or ignorant, is becoming as Mexican a Mexican as the descendant of the *conquistador* or the son of the native Indian. He is giving and will give, to the Mexico of the future, not only his work, his money, or his brain, but literally himself.

Freedom or Imperialism?

By JOSÉ VASCONCELOS

GROWTH is the law of life; but modern nations undergo a kind of growth that was hardly known to the older civilizations. In the past we find a brilliant civilization like that of the Greeks and around it peoples that were classed as barbarians, not only because they had not assimilated the Greek culture but mainly because they were so different and lived so apart that they could not unite to promote progress. The Greeks and the Hindus developed advanced civilizations in the same centuries without even knowing each other. The Romans enlarged the Old World, but they still ignored Asia and had no knowledge of the important civilization of the American continent. Civilization was a local, a racial phenomenon; it was Hindu, it was Greek, it was Roman.

In modern times we cannot say that civilization has been English or French or Italian; it has been all that, as well as Spanish and German and Russian; it has been European. And now Asia is drawn in and there are nations like Japan and India that contribute in invention, in work, and in thought to the shaping of the present world more than many nations of European origin. Practically, one may say that there are no barbarians in the present day. There are still some savages, but there are no barbarians. Civilization has become a universal fact. It embraces the world. We should not be alarmed, therefore, when we read about the decadence and the failure of European or Occidental civilization. Should the culture of one nation or group of nations collapse it would not mean anything so catastrophic as the breakdown of the Roman Empire. It would mean the temporary exhaustion of a certain mass of beings, and the appearance of younger and stronger elements to continue the same universally organized struggle to conquer nature for the benefit of life.

In all ages the problem of religion has been to liberate the soul. Two opposite systems have always been advocated by the different religions and philosophical schools, two ways, we might say, of getting rid of the body: one is to satisfy its needs, the other is to suppress them. Epicureans, Buddhists, Moslems have advocated pleasure in one way or the other as a means of attaining bliss or at least of satisfying the body in order to free the soul. Christian ascetics, Gymnosophists, Thebaidans, Puritans have advocated abstinence. Modern societies distinguish themselves from the old types of civilization by the fact that they want to see not only the privileged person, the saint, in a position where he can choose his way of salvation, but every man. Liberation of the masses is the cry of modern times; full liberation, both economic and spiritual. Some narrow-minded, materially inclined writers of sociology have tried to eliminate the religious factor from social life. This is my main objection to Darwinism, Marxism, and modern Leninism. These systems of thought have been unable to grasp the human problem as a whole. Their whole thesis is upset if we ask what they are going to advise the masses to do after food and comfort are conquered. In that very moment the religious problem would reappear bright and overwhelming.

The old economic world did not allow the serf, the toiler to make any choice in life; it was only the privileged few that could get time to think. Culture was a luxury. At present we want to see every man in a position to think philosophy and practice religion. To do this is the intrinsic natural right of every human being. When organized religions, allied with the powerful of the world, have preached submission and salvation through sacrifice in hard, cruel, selfish toil, religions have become the instrument of the god of wrong. They have condemned the souls, not only the bodies of the exploited. In the modern world slavery is still the natural condition of the majority of men. The Chinese coolie, the Hindu peasant, the peon of Latin America, the toilers of many industries of these United States and of Europe; all those that are forced to put 101 per cent or even 80 per cent of their life's energy into the conquest of food and shelter are slaves no matter what they may be called. They are slaves even if they happen to have bank accounts; because a slave is not only the man that has a master but also he who lacks leisure to care for his soul.

In many ways modern societies are harsher than the older civilizations. Nowadays, for example, we do not allow anyone to escape from the servitude of work except

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the rich. Beggary has become a crime. In the old days it was a virtue. The objection to this change would be slight if our industrial system did not create so many superfluous needs that we have to pay by sacrificing the soul to the body in the form of long hours of money-making toil. In a real civilization a modest, clean life should be purchased at the expense of only very few hours of work. At present practically nobody is allowed to go poor and naked and free from one end of the world to the other; the police would interfere. Yet, the other kind of loafing, the useless loafing of the satisfied, is not only allowed but held in esteem. But I do not take this last situation tragically. I believe it shows a tendency toward the second solution for the salvation of the soul, of the two I mentioned. The present-day world chooses the solution of happiness and plenty as opposed to the ascetic, sorrowful old way of turning from life. This would mean that although at present it is an outrage to allow the rich to live practically idle while others toil until they lose their very souls, yet the purpose of social development is to allow every man to become more or less idle and free from care so that he can use brain and heart in mental and aesthetic joys. Civilization will have to advance before we can do this without going back to savagery through laziness and misconduct.

There are men, we know, who find pleasure only in the toils of business and material aggrandizement. They should be allowed to work as much as they please provided they do not injure others with pirate activities that deprive them of the benefit of work. Such men, natural-born laborers, should not be allowed to become masters; they should remain among the caste of toilers and merchants. They are useful to the community provided they are not allowed to rush everybody into the mad struggle for more money and more material effort. They should be honored, but their surplus should be devoted to social enterprise, not to individual aggrandizement.

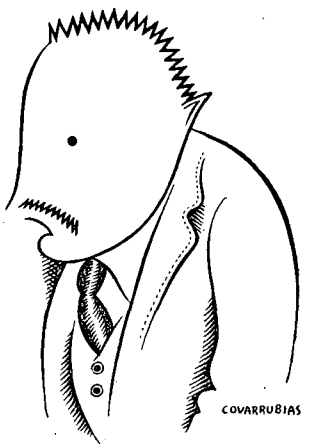
This is fundamentally what we mean when we speak in Mexico about the atrocities of capital. We have not been a nation: we have been a colony, first, of the Spanish conquerors, at present a colony of the wealthy local and foreign exploiters. We know that our land must be worked, we know that our minds must be trained, but we want our riches to increase the wealth of the world for the benefit of mankind, not for the pleasure of a little group of men. We struggle for a fairer distribution of wealth and for a more humane treatment of the Indian and the common toiler. We wish to nationalize natural resources in order to keep them useful for the many. We think there should be a limit to land-holdings, that there should be a limit imposed by law to the owning and disposing of wealth by individuals. We undertake to cut the claws of the wolf in us before we can go ahead with ideals and progress. We impose the eight-hour law because thus the toiler will be able to awaken his soul. We believe in the freedom and equality of individuals, of races, and of nations. Among us some call themselves liberals, others call themselves socialists or laborists or agrarians or even communists and reds; but we all have the common, deep conviction that every human life ought to be made happier.

Money and wealth should be created and protected but only to be used for the service of the people, for the service of mankind. The endeavor to attain this sort of progress—even through blunders, violence, and hopes—is the essence of the Mexican revolution.

This will explain, at the same time, why it is that we have not and cannot have race hates or race prejudices in our generation in Mexico. If we work for humanity how can we shelter petty grievances, narrow prejudices, against any race or nation? The oppressed majorities of all countries must come together, not for revenge and destruction but to start the campaign for the freedom of all.

Our message of love is addressed to the generous souls of America. It is the message of people that have their own traditions, their own type of civilization, their own individuality, and who struggle for a free, independent, happy future. It comes from people who love life, but who love independence even more; people who are struggling to secure not only political but also economic freedom. We would not deserve the friendship of the free of America if we were otherwise.

Today nations have become closely bound in wealth and purposes and the only common enemies of free human souls are imperialism, greed, and despotism. These are the enemies of the smaller nations and also of the citizens of the United States, the bigger nation. Imperialism always becomes oppressive at home before oppressing abroad. And the growth of knowledge, the splendor of thought, the expansion of real culture stop as soon as a nation uses its power and vision to enslave or exploit its fellow-beings. The misfortune of the oppressed reflects its shadow on the face and soul of the oppressor. This is why the majority, the vast majority, of the people of the United States wish to see their banner true to its original purpose of freedom and love—the freedom that could not be found in the Old World, the brotherly love that created the Union, the love for the world that carries so many of your citizens and so much of your wealth to serve whenever there is a world calamity and to help wherever human souls clamor for help. We Mexicans are few and poorly armed, but we are with you in the fight for liberty and truth! There is no ill purpose in the heart of any of us. We are becoming one with all Latin America, but this coming together of peoples is like the growth of the state into the nation; it is the overflow of the nation into the broader scope of the race. It is a sailing into the ocean of a common language in order to shape and organize what we call a race, or rather a type of civilization. The union we seek is not aimed at political and international selfish purposes. We preach loyalty to a certain emotional conception of life. We know that present nations have been shaped by geographical conditions and war; we claim this to be a materialistic arrangement that no free soul can accept as final. There is the possibility of another way of organizing peoples in which emotion and beauty will rule among free and intelligent souls. And no nation will want to conquer the other because no one will wish to make civilization one-sided by absorbing and dominating the other. Everyone will understand the advantages of a many-sided expression of life. For this we strive; this is the meaning of Latin Americanism.



José Vasconcelos

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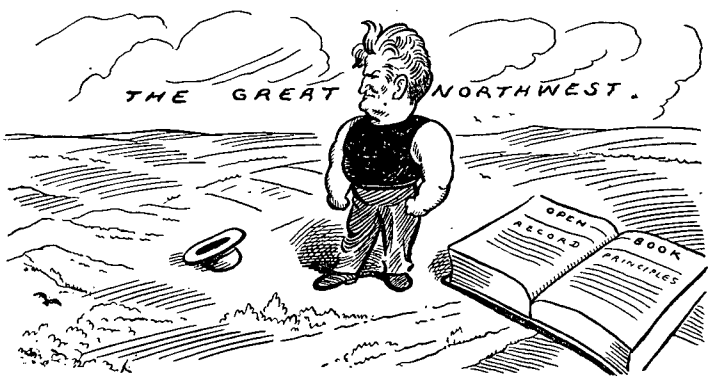
La Follette in America

By ARTHUR WARNER

BEFORE 1911 La Follette belonged to Wisconsin. Since then he has belonged to America. His record in his home State gave him a country-wide reputation, but it was not until he agreed to run for the Republican presidential nomination against Taft that he became a national political leader.

Taft's approval of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill alienated the majority sentiment of the country, and his administration was not half through before progressive Republicans gagged at the thought of his renomination. La Follette was the recognized leader of the anti-Taft movement, and at a conference of progressive leaders in Washington on April 30, 1911, the prevailing sentiment was that the man from Wisconsin should be put up against the President at the national convention the next year. Friends of Roosevelt assured La Follette that the ex-President would not—could not—enter the lists. More important, word was brought to the Wisconsin Senator from Roosevelt that, although he could not openly oppose Taft, he thought La Follette ought to become a candidate for the nomination against the President.



"Fight La Follette on every foot of ground in every Northwestern State"

—From the Coolidge Campaign Headquarters

So La Follette announced his candidacy, and in the summer of 1911 began his campaign for the nomination. By autumn his candidacy had made astonishing headway, so much so that Roosevelt, apparently, was struck for the first time with the thought that *Taft could be beaten.* Thereupon reports to the La Follette headquarters indicated a changing attitude on Roosevelt's part. He refused to say definitely that he would not accept a nomination. La Follette's supporters—the more prominent among whom were friends of Roosevelt also—were thrown into a quandary. The campaign languished. But La Follette had gone into the contest with every intention of sticking—and he stuck. Besides Roosevelt was not a true progressive in La Follette's eyes. As he wrote later:

> Roosevelt is deserving of credit for his appeals made from time to time for higher ethical standards, social decency, and civic honesty. He discussed those matters strikingly and with vigor, investing every utterance with his unique personality. . . . He often confessed, however, a distaste for and lack of interest in economic problems, and his want of definite conception always invited to compromise, retarding or defeating real progress. . . . It was for these reasons that, after a service of seven and one-half years as President of the United States, he left no great constructive statute as an enduring record of his service.

Gradually the Roosevelt men in the La Follette camp began to edge away. George W. Perkins and Frank A. Munsey, both wealthy men personally, set out to raise a Roosevelt campaign fund, and the movement in behalf of the ex-President grew. On February 2, 1912, La Follette made an address before the Periodical Publishers' Association in Philadelphia. It was a terrific arraignment of the commercial and financial despotism under which the nation had fallen, but it was too downright for his audience. La Follette was not feeling fit at the time, and he talked too long in a vain effort to get hold of his hearers. A tremendous flood of press criticism followed; absurd stories were circulated about La Follette's physical condition. His "shattered health" served various persons as an excuse to desert him for Roosevelt.

In point of fact La Follette was a man of amazing strength and energy. He has said that during the 1901 session of the Wisconsin Legislature—his first year as Governor—he worked eighteen hours a day, and in campaigning he has always been a glutton for toil. In 1904 he stumped Wisconsin for two months, taking only one meal a day from a table and speaking most of the time between nine o'clock in the morning and eleven at night, chiefly outdoors. When the Aldrich currency bill was up in the Senate he took the lead in an attack in which he spoke for nineteen consecutive hours without stopping!

What happened at the Republican National Convention of 1912 is familiar history. In spite of the mushroom boom for Roosevelt, La Follette went there with thirty-six delegates pledged to support him, enough, he thought, to give him the balance of power in a closely divided convention. But the Roosevelt forces found themselves in a decided minority; they charged fraud in seating the delegates, and eventually withdrew. La Follette stayed with the Republican Party. He did not support Roosevelt, Taft, or Wilson, but Wilson carried Wisconsin.

In spite of isolation in his own party and the passions aroused against him during the war, La Follette has been growing steadily in political significance and power since 1912. Slowly the public is catching up with him. At the recent Republican National Convention Representative Cooper said that twenty-six out of thirty-one demands in the platforms that the La Follette forces have presented for adoption by their party every four years since 1908—always contemptuously rejected—have bit by bit become the law of the land. La Follette has been a leader, not a straggler in the march of new ideas across the country. He was early a believer in woman suffrage, and while Governor of Wisconsin made notable use of women in public office. He has long disapproved of the use of injunctions in labor disputes, and has lately taken the most advanced position of any man in Congress in regard to limiting the abuse of the power of the United States Supreme Court in declaring federal laws to be unconstitutional. In case of such a decision he

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would, by amendment to the Constitution, give Congress the power to repass and validate such a law if a two-thirds majority could be obtained in its favor.

In the effort to discredit him with the voters the business-controlled newspapers of our cities have united in a virtual conspiracy to ignore to the greatest degree possible the speeches of La Follette in Congress, and have applied to him their least complimentary epithets, especially such old favorites as demagogue and windbag. It would be hard to be less accurate. Obviously a man who time and again has risked political extinction by going counter to accepted beliefs and popular hysteria is anything but a demagogue. And windbag? La Follette's speeches are long—too long. He has never learned the art of selection and condensation. But if by a windbag is meant a mouther of mere words, nobody who has studied La Follette's addresses would dream of using that term of him. La Follette's life passion has been for facts. He loads—and overloads—his utterances with them. Way back in the days when he was district attorney of Dane County, Wisconsin, he recognized the power of facts, and prepared his cases accordingly. Writing of this experience later, he said:

> It is facts that settle cases; the law is always the same. And this rule applies to things of larger importance than criminal cases. Facts count high everywhere. Whether the matter in hand is railroad legislation or the tariff, it is always a question of digging out the facts upon which to base your case. In no other one thing does a public man more surely indicate his quality than in his ability to master actual conditions and set them forth with clearness. Neither laws, nor opinions, nor even constitutions will finally convince people; it is only the concrete facts of concrete cases.

Yes, La Follette is a gourmand for facts and figures. Neither is he afraid to use them with John Smith and Jane Doe—the plain, ordinary voter.

So La Follette has emerged through forty-five years of public life until today he is the most commanding and significant personality in the country in relation to progressive political development. The Farmer-Labor convention in 1920 wanted him as its presidential candidate. He declined, partly, it would appear, because he doubted if the gathering was sufficiently representative of organized labor, and partly because he felt the time was not ripe for an independent movement. Today he believes the country is ready. He is ready too. Of the new Progressive Party one may say what he himself said of the earlier movement which he led in the days of Taft: "It expresses the hopes and desires of millions of common men and women who are willing to fight for their ideals, to take defeat if necessary, and still go on fighting."

(This is the last of three articles on La Follette's political record. There was an article on La Follette in Wisconsin in the issue of August 13, and one last week entitled La Follette in Washington.)

Clarksburg, West Virginia

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

A HILL-BILLY, an old one-gallus boy, stood in the rain throughout Mr. Davis's refined and lofty speech and incessantly shouted: "Hoo-*ray* for *our boy!*"

Previously, while Mr. Davis was doing a mock rehearsal of his speech for the motion-picture men and was waving his hand energetically, a neighbor endeavored to encourage him by shouting "Louder and funnier!"

Clarksburg met all trains. The train might come in the evening or in the middle of the night or in the faint dawn. Clarksburg might not know who was on the train. It might not know that anybody was on the train. Nevertheless Clarksburg, with committees, with motor-cars, with a mob, sometimes dense enough to block the whole large open space in front of the station, and usually with a band, was there to meet that train.

The committees put all visitors into the motor-cars. The band played and started the motor-cars on a parade through the town. The town stood on the sidewalks and watched each new string of visitors, bursting into applause from time to time for fear that some visitor really distinguished might go unapplauded.

From time to time and from point to point the motor-cars would drop the visitors at the hotels to which they had been assigned or at the houses of the citizens upon whom they had been billeted.

Clarksburg was not merely welcoming Mr. Davis back home. It was welcoming the world to Clarksburg and proving that it could accommodate the world and entertain it.

In the lobby of the hotel this writer was greeted by a committee chairman. Hospitality and a protecting kindliness beamed from his face. He said:

"You are carrying a copy of *The Nation*. Put it in your pocket. Don't carry it. If they see it on you around here, they'll Ku Klux you."

Hospitality and humanity beamed from the faces of all his fellow-townsmen in the hotel lobby and on the streets.

This writer emerged from the hotel to pay a call. A citizen was sitting in his motor-car in front of the hotel. He at once said to this stranger: "Where do you want to go?"

Arriving there, we entered a house where six or seven coal magnates and gas and oil magnates were doing honor to Davis Day. One of them played the piano. Several of them sang. One of them, in a cleared space between two rooms, was doing the heel-and-toe dance of the mountains.

"He is the greatest natural-gas expert in these parts," said his companions.

"He does heel-and-toe dancing more suppley, more intricately, more artistically than any professional alive," said, and says, this writer.

A huskily square-shouldered and jovially round-faced man was watching him. This man walked over to this writer and said: "Hard, you write more rot about coal from New York than almost any other writer. Why don't you come and look at the coal? I'll protect you from all the other fellows that have read your writings."

That evening this writer met another coal operator. The introduction was: "Hard, here's the best coal-mine manager in West Virginia. He can shoot the spots off a playing card every time at fifty feet."

"I never pull my gun on anybody," said the man thus described.

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"That's it," said his introducer. "He only practices at the cards, and he gets out coal."

A third man, standing beside him, said: "Hard, you're not only always wrong about coal but you were totally wrong in the articles you wrote about Ireland in the *Metropolitan*. I'm a non-union operator and an Irish Anglican. I want to educate you."

He and his friends then discussed many other writers. They knew their writings. They were better readers, wider readers, than if they lived in New York.

They were perhaps what in New York would be called "far from the world." To arrive among them from Washington one goes through many hours of heavily wooded wilderness hills. Then one comes to a region of gentler hills, knolls, humps, more cleared off, with pastures assuaging the fierceness of the forest and with the pastures now showing brilliantly green. There stands Clarksburg. Is it far from the world? New York indeed is far from Clarksburg. Clarksburg is not far at all from New York. It knows New York by going there. It knows New York by reading. It is aware of the world. What is the world? Is it Clarksburg and New York or is it only New York? Clarksburg knows both. It has the advantage. New York can be provincial. Clarksburg is sophisticated. It has a double sophistication. It knows and admires the metropolis; and then, knowing it, admiring it, it is not awed by it and is glad to be Clarksburg.

In a business block, high up in it, in the rear of it, there was the apartment of a man of much money. Here he had his pictures, his piano, his perfect radio set, his sleeping quarters, an enormous refrigerator, filled with an infinite variety of foods, and a cooking stove. Here he did his own cooking. Here he provided marvelous meals for politicians and for political correspondents attending Mr. Davis's notification. He roasted chickens. He composed salads. He brought out delicacies which he had bought in Paris.

"Why not live in Paris all the time?" he was asked.

"There's more fun in Clarksburg," he replied.

This writer tarried. Several motor-car loads of married couples arrived shortly after midnight and danced till three to the music of his lavish records on his lavish phonograph. He looked on at the happiness of his neighbors and was happy. He bade us good-night. A few hours later he arose and cooked breakfast for some more pilgrims who loved his food—and him.

This writer summoned to his hotel room a telegraph messenger boy to get a dispatch. The boy arrived, received a coin to inspire him to run, and was asked if he was a good runner. He replied "I'm a singer too. Will I sing for you?" He lifted up his voice and sang.

Clarksburg sheltered us, fed us, danced for us, sang for us, and for itself. Mr. Davis sank into being only one Clarksburger. He was not the show. Clarksburg was the show.

It finally produced from among its visitors a great diplomat. This gentleman was a national political personage. He stood on the railroad-station platform. He was going away. Thinking of Clarksburg's hospitality to him he was overcome. He flung his arms about one of his Clarksburg hostesses and soundly and emphatically kissed her. Turning, he saw her husband. He did not hesitate. He flung his arms about him and kissed him too.

Here's blowing a kiss to you, Clarksburg!

In the Driftway

THERE are certain advantages in a democratic state installed after a thousand years of rich and reckless kings. Francis I of France, for example, built himself a palace covered inside and out with noble and intricate decorations; at the expense of his hard-worked subjects he brought sculptures from Greece and Rome, he had his own dashing figure painted by Titian and Clouet and half a dozen others, he assembled paintings and friezes and furniture—and the polloi turned his priceless collection, palace and all, into the Musée Nationale de Louvre, where breathless Americans pay a franc to walk up and down the corridors, gasping with delight and weariness combined. Likewise the Duke of Luxembourg set his palace in the midst of a garden laid out lavishly and with loving care, and now the poor Parisian and the poor American student walk side by side there in the evening while rose trees and pale willows and evergreens and copper beeches give proof of the skill of the duke's gardeners. There is, of course, a double pleasure in the walk: one may justly admire the gardens, but the Drifter confesses also to a sly delight at the scorn with which he and his ilk would have been regarded by the duke and duchess; he pictures those gay persons, brightly dressed, walking along these paths, and their memory makes the paths more desirable, particularly since they are no longer here!

* * * * *

WE have little that corresponds to these once-royal parks and palaces in America. George Washington was, to be sure, a well-to-do English gentleman. His estate is now a public park and museum, and the Drifter is indissolubly attached to the quaintness of Mt. Vernon, but nobody would pretend that it compared with the Louvre and the Jardins des Tuileries. Central Park in New York and Druid Hill Park in Baltimore and the Metropolitan Museum of Art and many others are beautiful and important institutions, but they somehow lack the flavor of an institution that has been wrested by main force from a king. In the latter, the plain man, like the Drifter, can sit back and smoke his pipe, admiring the king's taste and smiling because a royal guardsman does not come and throw him out. In Central Park he needs only to fear a policeman, human like himself, and that only after some vulgar crime like walking on the grass or feeding peanuts to the bears.

* * * * *

IT does not seem feasible to begin a thousand years of royal spending in America. Even the Drifter can see that kings have their poor qualities as well. But evidently the next great revolution, when at last it comes, will, as part of its duty, take over the estates of Mr. Rockefeller at Tarrytown and the house of Mr. Morgan on Fifth Avenue, and all the American antiques which by then Mr. Ford will have assembled in Detroit, and turn them into public parks and museums. The Drifter does not pretend to approve of such a high-handed procedure nor does he think for a minute that the joy of trespassing with impunity on Mr. Ford's property will equal that of walking about on the land of Francis I. But in a young country with no past to speak of it is doubtless the best that can be done.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Stay East, Young Man

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Chamber of Commerce and our papers sent out glowing accounts of the wonders of California, but recently I have not noticed any warning to the people to stay away on account of the terrible drought we are having. We get letters asking us to conserve water, lights, etc. Farmers in some parts of the State have abandoned their farms for lack of water, but the papers say almost nothing about this. They let the poor fellow in the East and Middle West come plowing out here over the dusty desert in his little old Ford. I went by an employment agency yesterday and saw many of the victims lined up for jobs.

Puente, California, August 1 JESSIE Y. KIMBALL

The Croatian Peasant Movement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you be good enough to publish these brief complementary notes to the article entitled The Gandhi of the Balkans printed in your issue of June 4:

The peasant movement in Croatia is not carried on by an "illiterate peasantry." On the contrary, almost all the Croatian peasants can read and write and are well-educated—not only as the result of an ancient culture but also through reading regularly their newspaper *Slobodni Dom* (the *Free Home*) and the many publications of the Peasant Party—with a circulation of from thirty to forty thousand copies.

The peasantry in general and in Croatia in particular does not represent a "mass" movement. Only a great number of human beings who do not possess individual ideals of life can be called a "mass." But the Croatian peasantry has always held ideals of social justice and of peace and freedom, and now it fights for these ideals with a courage, perseverance, patience, and intelligence such as unfortunately we cannot always find among other classes of society. In our opinion the peasantry forms the soul of each nation, and not only its body.

The *immediate* aim of the Peasant Party of Croatia is not a Balkan federation but rather an Adriatic one—the federation of all peoples now subjugated or threatened by the present Serbian militarist bureaucracy in Belgrade. The Adriatic federation can and must be completed and enlarged into the Balkan and Danubian federation extending from the Bohemian Mountains to the Adriatic Sea.

The present Serbian rulers are not only autocrats, crude absolutists, but they are, almost without exception, dishonest grafters and exploiters of their own Serbian people, and the tyrants, murderers, and exterminators of all others—the non-Serbian peoples and national groups.

The Croatian peasant movement has organized literally all the Croatian peasants (four million) in Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, and in Bosnia-Herzegovina; half a million Hungarian and half a million German peasants now under Serbian rule, and many thousands of Czechs, Slovaks, Ukrainians, and Rumanians, dispersed through the former South Hungary, now called Voïvodina.

This peasant movement is already taking deep root in Montenegro, in Macedonia, and even in Serbia—and therefore the foundation and the settlement of a peaceful peasant republic on the Adriatic and on the Danube is a question not of many years but rather of months.

The governments of the "great Allies" do not follow this movement, and whatever they know about it is quite contrary to the reality.

Moscow, July 3 STEPHEN RADICH,
Leader of the Croatian Peasant Party

A Missionary Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find your paper such a source of inspiration and suggestion that it grieves me when you leave the path of sanity and join—the others. Your comments on the Japanese exclusion clause have been most admirable, but in the issue of June 4, which just came to me, I find you saying that since the bill has been signed, "The natural step now would be the withdrawal of every American missionary from China and Japan. For them to remain there would stamp us as guilty of the basest hypocrisy." Thus you join hands with the jingoists and super-patriots of Japan who feel the same way. Since when did the missionary take his cue from Congress or the President? And why add China now after all these years of exclusion? Why not include India and other Oriental nations? And whom does it stamp "as guilty of the basest hypocrisy"? Certainly not the churches or the missionaries who have been fighting against the bill. We did not hesitate to help the Russians when our Government refused to recognize their Government. We do not cease sending assistance to Germany even though our Government has been "guilty of the basest hypocrisy" ever since the armistice. For the distinction between physical and spiritual assistance is only surface deep: each is part of the spirit of Jesus. And it is this spirit which the missionary would carry to the people for whom he works. We are Christian missionaries, not American missionaries. One of our greatest problems is how to carry the Gospel untrammeled by nationality and race. These things shadow us always. We cannot shake them off. *The Nation* would do well if it would help to remove the popular misconception that the missionary is in any way responsible for the acts of his government. We may be ashamed of our friends and Congress, but we are not ashamed of our Gospel. When we are, then we will have ample reason for retiring.

It may interest your readers to know that the Americans here have been all but unanimous in their condemnation of the exclusion clause.

Sapporo, Japan, July 1 WILLIAM WOODARD

A Motto for La Follette

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a possible contribution to your collection of definitions of progressivism, how about Gladstone's motto at the entrance to the Liberal Club? "The principle of Toryism is distrust of the people, qualified by fear. The principle of Liberalism is trust of the people, qualified by prudence." Whether La Follette has such a motto I do not know. His trust in the people of Wisconsin, ever since I have known him from the middle of the eighties on, might well have been expressed by this motto of Gladstone.

Madison, Wisconsin, July 30 EDWARD KREMERS

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAM D. WOLFE is an American who has lived in Mexico City and taught in the Mexican schools.

RAFAEL NIETO, former Governor of the state of San Luis Potosí and Secretary of the Treasury, is now Mexican Minister to Sweden. He is an authority on economics and finance.

ANITA BRENNER is a writer now living in Mexico City.

JOSE VASCONCELOS, the well-known Mexican scholar, until recently Secretary of Education in the Mexican Cabinet, has now been elected Governor of the Mexican state of Oaxaca.

M. COVARRUBIAS, one of the leading young modernist artists of Mexico, is now living in New York.

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Poems

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Old Women

Old women sit, stiffly, mosaics of pain,
Framed in drab doorways looking on the dark.
Rarely they rouse to gossip or complain
As dozing bitches break their dream to bark.
And then once more they fold their creaking bones
In silence, pulled about them like a shawl.
Their memories: a heap of tumbling stones,
Once builded stronger than a city wall.
Sometimes they mend the gaps with twitching hand,—
Because they see a woman big with child,
Because a wet wind smells of grave-pocked land,
Because a train wailed, because troops defiled.
Sometimes old women limp through altered streets
Whose hostile houses beat them down to earth,
Now in their beds they fumble at the sheets
That once were spread for bridal, once for birth,
And now are laid for women who are cold
With difficult plodding and with sitting still.
Old women, pitying all that age can kill,
Lie quiet, wondering that they are old.

Leningrad

Upon his Finnish rock, curled like a wave,
Peter, throned over Neva, watches still
The granite flower of his granite will,
Sprung from that swamp only men's lives could pave.
Stone holds a street stern as an empty nave;
And, as though stained by some forgotten kill,
An arch like the red mouth of a great cave
Yawns on red wall, red pillar, and red sill.

Neva is a white beast with glittering fangs,
Imprisoned in a trap of iron cold,
And while she cries, copper on copper clangs:
The bells would give the sky their prayers to hold.
But like one crucified, the dead sky hangs,
Impaled upon a spire of cruel gold.

Books

Realism and More

Gold. By Jacob Wassermann. Authorized translation by Louise Collier Willcox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

LIKE the story of "The Goose Man," the story of "Gold" has for its theme the evil wrought by the love of power, in any form, as the guiding passion of life. Its central character, Ulrika Woytich, appears first as a rescuing angel in the household of a millionaire miser, and only gradually does it appear that the skill with which she unlocks the coffers of the tyrant master and sets in motion the passions of the family is a power for evil: that the gold, dangerous enough when jealously guarded, is ten times worse when let loose upon the world.

In this thesis alone there is nothing either new or complicated. Wassermann's hatred of the will to power and his exaltation of the less tangible virtues of endurance and brotherly love are as simple as Tolstoi's Charity, but the intensity of his passion and the power which he has of creating character and situation to confront his opposing forces are as unique and, in their way, as effective as the passion and power of the great Russian. Hardly once in a generation does there appear an artist endowed with his torrential energy. In all the nineteenth century only two novelists—Dostoevsky and Tolstoi—equaled it, and perhaps no English writer of fiction ever did. We have had in our language intelligence at least as penetrating, character and incidents analyzed with a steadier, calmer hand, and conditions pictured with a more meticulous exactitude. We have had, in a word, novels more scientific and in addition novels as poetic in their own way, but we have never had any one who could sustain like Wassermann a white-heated passion through such vastly spreading tales.

If one should compare, for instance, "Gold" with "The Forsyte Saga," it would be futile to talk of superiorities on the one side or the other, but neither author approaching, as both do, a study of the power of possession could achieve the effects of the other. On the one side is a mind touched with poetry, but essentially scientific, tracing with infinite care the subtle windings of the instinct he is discussing, revealing every process, and careful that nothing is heightened or shown with a face other than that seen by everyone. On the other side is a mystic in the grip of a great love and a great hatred, torn, tortured, and pouring forth his energy in the form of a legend even vaster than Galsworthy's and producing an effect at least as mighty, asking the reader to accept all manner of violent occurrences, creating characters so intense as to approach symbols, but rewarding us with great heights of dramatic conflict and stirring us with eloquent emotion.

So skilfully does Wassermann handle his gigantic story, covering nearly eighty years of time and touching the crises in the lives of innumerable people, that the reader is hardly aware of its complexity. So cunningly are all the events drawn to a focus that when the two powers come face to face at last for a final struggle over the one representative of the family not yet lost, the battle seems to be for the soul of man itself. The effect is so much dependent upon cumulation that no excerpt can illustrate it, but one passage may give some taste of the author's manner and its masterly poise between the merely realistic and the powerfully symbolic. Ulrika, grown old, has become herself a miser, and the former exuberance of her *vertu* and love of power for its own sake has dwindled to avarice alone. In the agony of post-war Europe she has put her money into the hands of one of the speculators who are preying upon the ruins of their country, and suddenly she learns that he has shot himself. Insane with rage and despair, she hastens to Berlin in the hope that her former lover, himself a speculator, may perhaps have saved her. When she reaches his house and finds it crowded with the decadent productions of art in its death agony which have been cynically acquired by the owner, a despair descends up her.

> She felt as if she had entered a tropical swamp full of rank, luxuriant vegetation. All these overwrought, glaring, shrieking, ghastly objects looked to her as if a satyr in grim cynicism had gathered together in a heap beauty and ugliness, heaven and hell. Taken together they seemed to her like a face, an unhappy, worn-out face, with a hypocritical smile, denying its decay, scornfully and weakly: the Face of the Times. Suddenly she knew that her journey was a silly and futile undertaking and that she had nothing to hope.

The master enters.

> "Meant to warn you. Forgot. Too much doing at the moment—you ought to have indulged yourself a little. You always wanted to enjoy at others' expense. Great lack of heart. Man with a heart shows it by spending money. Look at me. It runs out of my pockets. And everything bows down. So I can see backs, only backs. Most amusing."
>
> "Very likely," Ulrika answered bitterly; "faces are often troubling. One need only look at you."

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> He patted Ulrika's hand again and continued: "Tomorrow it may be my turn. Everybody's turn comes. The downward grade, my good old Ulrika, the great slide. Want to go down into the cellar? You will hear the foundations cracking. Very impressive. Word of honor. Hear it everywhere in Berlin. Every cellar. Pure music. Music of the great slide. Pretty, what?" He was undoubtedly pleased.

Perhaps this passage will in some measure illustrate the nature of Wassermann's triumph, which consists in the fact that he has not only experimented with a new form for the novel but that he has actually created one. Ulrika is at once a definite character and a symbol, a person in a particular story and the embodiment of that glory in power alone which seems to the author the secret of the ruin of his world. And the same may be said of the story as a whole. It never ceases to be in the one sense realistic, yet at the same time it achieves a largeness and intensity which make it the legend which bodies forth the author's vision of the whole world. But again it must be said that the *sine qua non* of its being is its energy. Anyone might have conceived such an intention; only a genius could have realized the plan. J. W. KRUTCH

Elizabethan Studies

The Elizabethan Stage. By E. K. Chambers. The Oxford University Press. Four volumes. $23.

Two Elizabethan Stage Abridgments: The Battle of Alcazar and Orlando Furioso. An Essay in Critical Bibliography. By W. W. Greg. The Oxford University Press. $7.

Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of Sir Thomas More. By A. W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, E. Maunde Thompson, J. Dover Wilson, and R. W. Chambers. Cambridge: The University Press. $3.50.

TWENTY years ago Mr. Chambers produced his monumental work on "The Mediaeval Stage," a classic of English scholarship. That book he explained as the result of "preliminary investigations for a little book on Shakespeare." What he now offers is "another instalment of *prolegomena*." The inception of both works accounts for the regrettable but "long since irretrievable" decision not to carry his investigations beyond the death of Shakespeare. The new book therefore ends abruptly at a fortuitous date, leaving many problems unsolved and just touching upon many others, the beginnings of which happen to come within the arbitrary limitation. Perhaps Mr. Chambers will have the courage to carry on his investigations to the closing of the theaters in 1642; meanwhile we are grateful for the abundant and exact information which is here assembled.

Mr. Chambers's plan does not embrace literary criticism nor the study of the plays themselves from the point of view of sources, analogues, motives, or technique save in so far as the texts serve to cast light upon the development of the stage as an institution and upon the social and economic conditions which made such a development possible. Much of his material is of as great value to the social as to the literary historian. A large part of his investigations is devoted to mere antiquarianism—if antiquarianism may fairly be described as "mere." In notes and numerous appendices he has collected an enormous body of original documents bearing upon the composition, production, criticism, and control of the stage. Along many lines he corrects and supplements the results achieved by earlier investigators.

Beginning with a description of court life in so far as it illustrates the taste for pageant and progress, tilt and mask, revel and other forms of spectacle, he passes to the organization of the royal household and thence to the office of the Revels. This in turn leads to an account, both historical and descriptive, of pageantry, the mask, and the court play. In the second division of his book he assembles the documents and other evidence shedding light upon the control of the stage: the struggle between humanism and puritanism, and between the court and the city authorities; the gradual emergence of the actor as a member of a recognized profession; and the economic status of the actor in the life of the community. There follows a history of each company, in chronological sequence, with a chapter on "the international companies" in which the meager records of English actors upon the Continent are brought together. Then comes an alphabetical list of every actor of the period with a statement of what is known of each—an invaluable record. A similarly planned study of each theater leads to the most interesting part of the work, a study of the structure and conduct of the theaters and of the principles of staging both at court and in the public and "private" houses. Here Mr. Chambers rejects the old method of procedure, the attempt to "reconstruct" a "typical" Elizabethan stage, and wisely elects to follow the historical method of inquiry. He shows that at court the Italian mode of presentation, as set forth in Serlio's famous "Trattato sopra la scena," was adopted with certain adaptations, while the public theaters were compelled by the exigencies of their themes to abandon exterior action before contiguous houses in favor of a succession of changing scenes. There is unfortunately no space here to comment upon any details of Mr. Chambers's study of the problems of staging nor to indicate even the greater changes that took place in the modernized theaters of the early Jacobean period.

In general Mr. Chambers is accurate in the extreme. There are a few errors of omission; the MS play of "Edmund Ironsides," for example, belongs within the period, but is not recorded. And there are some minor slips; several plays, for instance, are set down in the list of "lost plays" that are not only in existence but in print. I cannot pretend to subscribe to all Mr. Chambers's speculations and hypotheses; but as he is meticulously careful to note nearly all of these as "guesswork" he will not expect unanimous agreement among his readers. This is particularly the case with the vexed question of Shakespeare's relations with Pembroke's and Lord Strange's companies.

Mr. Greg's essay is too technical a study for more than brief mention here. He examines two examples of the type of shortened plays that closely resemble the so-called "bad quartos" of Shakespeare. His choice of the two texts in question is due to the fact that for "The Battle of Alcazar" there exists a "plat," that is, a summary of scenes, cues, entrances, and exits for the use of the stage manager and prompter, while for the "Orlando" there is a manuscript containing Edward Alleyn's part in the play. By analysis and comparison an attempt is made to reconstruct the original form of both dramas and to arrive at conclusions as to the method, purpose, and result of the abbreviated versions.

The third work deals with a subject of such general, even sensational, interest that some mention of the problem involved has found its way into the daily papers—an unusual achievement for Elizabethan scholarship. A group of specialists have examined anew the "Play of Sir Thomas More" with special attention to the three pages of the MS (147 lines in all) which Simpson and Spedding long ago ventured to ascribe to Shakespeare. Sir E. Maunde Thompson once again applies his palaeographical knowledge to the problem, comparing the handwriting with the authenticated signatures of Shakespeare and attempting ingeniously and, I think, convincingly to show that the differences are such as can be accounted for by changes resulting from lapse of years and changes in state of health. Mr. Wilson compares the system of spelling and punctuation with that of the quarto texts known to be nearest to Shakespeare's own manuscript. And Mr. R. W. Chambers, in a most interesting and thoughtful paper, compares the ideas set forth in these pages with the ideas in similar scenes in the undoubted plays. From this comparison there emerges an amazing likeness, for More, in his speech to the rioting citizens, empha-

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sizes, as Shakespeare always emphasizes, the dangers of anarchy and the value of "degree," and the citizens are portrayed in Shakespeare's fashion, as dangerous to public order when lacking a leader yet essentially good-hearted and open to conviction by arguments founded upon right reason. When these converging lines of argument are taken together with the style of these pages—the vivid, realistic, humorous dialogue of the citizens and the closely knit argument and impassioned poetry of the speech by More—it seems to me that those scholars—and there are such—who refuse to admit that in these pages we have authentic Shakespeare are possessed of a skepticism beneath the penetrability of proof.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

The Latin Genius

The Latin Genius. By Anatole France. Translated by Wilfred S. Jackson. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THERE is a part in the ballet music of Gluck's "Orfeo" which states the case. Not the plaintive tune which begins and ends the piece, but the legato passage midway, a stately dance of nymphs in fields Elysian. It fills the eye with noble groves and smooth lawns beside a shining water, shades classic and delicate, brows wreathed with myrtles, and the pensive complaint of flutes. It is not Greek; but it is some other age almost as gifted for beauty. It is what Rome might have been had she followed beauty as steadfastly as she followed dominion. It is Hellas twice removed: once through the Imperial City, and again through the Renaissance; Hellas in beauty and laughter, but beauty conscious of art, no longer quite innocent in her lovely nakedness; and laughter, still gay, always brave, but with a note of mockery in it: Gallic mirth. It is not Greece; it is not Rome. Yet it is daughter of both. It is called the Latin Genius.

Gluck, while not a Latin, came under the spell of this influence, and in those strains of his move the spirits of that vanished age, elegant and sophisticated, wigged and sworded, wrists apt to dueling hilt as lips to epigram, and bosoms lodging heaven knows what odd assortment of guests: philosophic speculation, soft intrigue, and sentiments of antique republicans in a world of despots and Bastilles. An age of upper classes coquetting with revolutionary ideas is ever an age preparing to give birth to another. And over it broods the Latin Genius—the savor of that race which was born into a Europe too fevered with Christian pessimism ever to have compassed the joyous innocence of the Greek; yet the nearest to the Greeks that modern Europe can show, for lucidity of mind, sensitiveness to form, and the instinct of beauty.

In a prefatory paragraph Anatole France disclaims any lofty pretensions in the volume of essays to which he attaches this title; yet the title is well given.

> It is [he says] an act of faith and of love for that Greek and Latin tradition, wherein resides all wisdom and beauty, and without whose pale is naught but error and vexation of spirit. Philosophy, art, science, jurisprudence, all, we owe to Greece, and to her conquerors whom she overcame. The men of old time live on and teach us still.

The essays are miniature biographies, packed with careful scholarship, a shrewd sense of the subject's place in his age and the signification of it; demure wit, and a pervading mellowness of tone, genial, tolerant, and bantering, with M. France's favorite joke of looking with eyes of childlike wonderment straight at the objects which Christendom has entered into a conspiracy to pretend not to see. Molière, Racine, Scarron, La Fontaine, Le Sage, the Abbé Prevost, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Chateaubriand (and his almost equally gifted sister Lucile), Sainte-Beuve, and Benjamin Constant are among his portraits. The volume has a value as history and criticism worthy of a place in the curricula of schools, and one can imagine jaded pupils, assigned to read it in English, suddenly awaking, surprised and delighted, to a pleasure in their study. It is equally an independent work of literature, one of those delightful volumes to be picked up and laid down like chat with an old friend, always certain of welcome, entertainment, laughter, and wisdom.

Friend Anatole has a peculiar value for the writers of our own adolescent nation, even in, if not especially in, such volumes of essays as this. For some reason which I confess I do not quite understand and would like to see explained, American writers have a dread of erudition. Shun books. Go to life. Be new. Scholarship is a blight. It plucks the rose from the fair forehead of genius and sets a Phi Beta Kappa key there. Perhaps it does, as scholarship is at present understood in these States, but that is a reason the more for learning. And Anatole can teach us. Here is a spirit animated yet thoughtful, one who can toss his immense weight of erudition gaily as a juggler's kit without breaking a single plate. You feel toward him as the father toward the son who had just been naively confessing his escapades: "I am astonished at the range and variety of the things you appear to know." His cultural soil is centuries deep. Ours is shallow and needs enrichment. Life is the material; learning the workmanship.

LUCIEN PRICE

Expanding Europe by Contraction

The Expansion of Europe: the Culmination of Modern History. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Studies in Empire and Trade. By J. W. Jeudwine. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

"SOME of our British brethren," once remarked an American jurist, "have a God-given talent for converting a predatory expedition into a moral crusade." Mr. Muir's book appears to exemplify the spirit of that statement, when it describes the expansion of Europe as more or less identical with that of Great Britain. In its earlier forms, the author says, it was "deeply influenced by the war." A demand for a new edition gave him an opportunity to reconsider the judgments made under the stress of conflict. He availed himself of it by failing to discover that they "require any substantial modification."

That the intelligent British public relishes such a work, now that the original motive for its publication as a stimulus to war fervor has lost its force, is altogether doubtful.

What the book purports to provide is a "summary, in the form of a broad survey, unencumbered with detail, but becoming fuller as it comes nearer" to our own time, of the problems of world politics and the imperial expansion and rivalries of the "greater states of Western civilization," as these have affected "the fortunes of the world, and of every individual in it." Since Mr. Muir endeavors to deal with "ideas rather than mere facts," he has striven, he declares, "to bring out the political ideas which are implicit in, or which result from, the conquest of the world by Western civilization, and to show how the ideas of the West have affected the outer world, how far they have been modified to meet its needs, and how they have developed in the process." He draws particular attention to the "significant new political form"—"the world-state," of which "the British Empire is the oldest and the most highly developed example." Finally, he tries to display

> the strife of two rival conceptions of empire: the old, sterile, and ugly conception which thinks of empire as mere domination, ruthlessly pursued for the sole advantage of the master, and which seems . . . to be most fully exemplified by Germany; and the nobler conception which regards empire as a trusteeship, and which is to be seen gradually emerging and struggling toward victory over the more brutal view, more clearly and in more varied forms in the story of the British Empire than in perhaps any

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other part of human history. . . . That is why I have given a perhaps disproportionate attention to the British Empire.

"The place of honor, as always in any great story of European civilization, belongs to France," concedes Mr. Muir. So also does it in the realms of logical precision and absence of prepossessions about moral missions. Yet, outside of sporadic allusions, he grants to consideration of France as much as ten pages of text out of 354. Spain and Portugal, pioneers in the expansion of Europe, are vouchsafed between them eleven pages, the Netherlands five, Russia ten, Italy four, and Belgium two. Germany, the unspeakable, is characterized and denounced in fourteen. Leaving out of account the initial chapter of twelve pages on the "meaning and the motives of imperialism," the amount of "perhaps disproportionate attention" given by Mr. Muir to the British Empire in the account of the entire course of the expansion of Europe during five hundred years stands in the ratio of about six to one.

The "survey" of the book is "broad"—in the old papal sense that it turns over the earth to British enterprise, instead of to Spanish and Portuguese. It is "unencumbered with detail," or with much else except national self-glorification. "Mere facts" are, indeed, subordinated to "ideas." But the "ideas" take no heed of the actual impress made upon non-European lands and peoples by European civilization as such. Nor do they estimate even remotely the significance of the process of expansion for the life and thought of the European nations themselves.

For the imperial-minded among Mr. Muir's countrymen the work is a species of historical campaign-book of imperial politics. Thoughtless folk in other lands, and individuals who dislike imperialism of the "made-in-England" brand, may call it a piece of "typical British propaganda." If they do so they are mistaken. It is a British product turned out by a British subject who seeks to convert the best there is in the politics of European imperialism into a British monopoly. In it the serious student of history will discover few facts that are serviceable or ideas that are new. He will perceive instead "the expansion" that an agile imagination guiding a facile pen can attain when set over against a contraction of knowledge about what European nations other than Great Britain have done. "Of Europe" he will observe but scant trace, except that Nature happened to place Great Britain near that Continent.

The work by Mr. Jeudwine belongs in quite a different category. It is a curious blend of antiquarianism and historiography concerned with the spread of European commercial and political dominion from the Middle Ages to the close of the eighteenth century. The author of it has delved into all sorts of bygone lore that might furnish data for the compilation of a miscellany. Few readers would wish to go through the volume in consecutive fashion. Dipping into its pages, however, they will rise refreshed with many an interesting item of information about the days of old when piracy and trade, religion and warfare, dominion and civilization were more or less interchangeable terms.

The philosophy of the work is summed up in the author's proposition that

> our mental conception of empire predicates a single hereditary ruler to whom all owe allegiance, sprung from an acknowledged family of royal descent, of a supreme race which professes a highly organized religion; and that the word suggests that this stronger race, being firmly persuaded of its moral superiority, when it comes in conflict with and absorbs a politically weaker people, will, so far as may be humanly possible, shape their social and political institutions in accordance with its own interests.

This may sound like a variant of Mr. Muir's "ideas." In point of fact, the spirit of the entire work is altogether unsympathetic to them. Mr. Jeudwine deals with Scandinavians, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, and Englishmen as representative of the nations of Europe which widened their power at the same time that they spread their sails. The performance of each he rates in the measure of its actual service to the expansion of European interests and control over the earth. Like the preceding book, the present volume does not tell just what the civilization of Europe accomplished, or how it was influenced, in the process, but it does justify its title.

WILLIAM R. SHEPHERD

Books in Brief

The Parson's Progress. By Compton Mackenzie. George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Having blazed the trail in "The Altar Steps," Mr. Mackenzie continues to hack away at the underbrush of spiritual uncertainties which beset the advance of a young clergyman. The new novel is a work of unrelieved earnestness; it will invite the plodding reader and those specifically interested in its theme—others are apt to find it rather heavy going.

Wine of Fury. By Leigh Rogers. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In this first novel the author makes undeniably skilful use of the vivid romance of the Russian revolution. The narrative is washed with a dramatic color derived from the tumult of actual events. A restrained economy of incident and a distaste for mere sensationalism make this book a stirring record of a profoundly interesting historical period.

Josslyn. By Henry Justin Smith. Covici-McGee Company.

A gentle, idyllic account of a shy youth and his experiences in Mid-Western newspaperdom. Cast in a biographical form, the story is nevertheless written in a frankly reminiscent mood. Although one hears something of the brutalizing effect of the reporter's life, the appreciation of beauty is as apparent in the intent of this quiet author as it is implicit in his lines.

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International Relations Section

Calles Speaks

SHORTLY before the end of his campaign, Plutarco Elias Calles, President-elect of Mexico, made a speech which summed up the issues before the Mexican people and clearly stated the principles which would guide the new administration.

Those who opposed my candidacy, the capitalist and conservative elements of the country, say that I am an agitator. That is not true. The comrade who preceded me on the platform has given us an accurate description of the present situation of the Mexican proletariat. He has told us of the need for the working class of the republic to establish factories, build up industries, and undertake the exploitation of natural resources which progress demands, and thus increase our common wealth. These are all enterprises which will give our people work and opportunities to earn their living, so that they will not have to wander in forlorn caravans to other countries, only to be exploited and laughed at far from home by men of another race, and then after countless sufferings to return, as poor and wretched as when they set out, bringing with them only disillusion after wasting their energy in foreign lands.

It is true that we need capital in our country; that we need industrial capital to keep in motion the industries already established and to build new ones. I am not an enemy of capital; quite the contrary, I want to have it for the exploitation of our natural resources. But we want capital in a humane sense; we want capital with a consciousness of its mission in the modern world and with an understanding that it is to be used, not to gain mastery over the workers but to fulfil a social duty—not only for greater profit for its owner but for the good of society as a whole as well as of the individual capitalist.

And when capital is brought into this country, I want those who bring it to combine their interests with ours, to live with us and share with us our hours of triumph and our reverses. I do not want them coming in merely to exploit our wealth and our people, in utter disregard of morals, as is typical of what a Tampico worker aptly calls "conqueror capital."

I want to state right here that capital brought into this country in a spirit consistent with the precepts of morality will be absolutely secured by all the necessary guaranties on our part; but only on condition that it lives up to this humane spirit and to our laws.

Those who opposed my candidacy claim that I am an enemy of foreigners, and that on account of my rabid nationalism I do not like them and do not want them in my country. This is another lie.

I despise and detest the foreigner who comes to interfere in our home affairs and meddle in our politics and make fun of our laws and keep his hold on the advantages he has received from reactionary governments. He always pretends that the fact of his being a foreigner and having influence with his government entitles him to this advantage.

But the foreigner who comes to live with us, to share what we enjoy and what we have to endure, to make his home here, to combine his interests with ours—this foreigner will find us welcoming him with open arms and calling him brother.

The reactionary elements are shocked and call me a disturber because they say that I am trying to destroy property in Mexico. That also is a lie.

What is it that I do want? What are we struggling for?

We are struggling to relieve the peasants of their economic burden; to enable them to win back the land which was seized from them at the time of the conquest; to aid them in attaining economic independence; to help them live better lives, creating new needs for themselves which will increase their efforts and mean real progress to our country by raising the level of the largest class. We are struggling so that the peasants can educate their children and give them a chance to make something of their lives, and tomorrow we shall have a generation which, through better material conditions, will be finer both morally and intellectually. This is the only way of attaining the highest ambition of the Mexican people—a richer and happier country.

But the landholders of my country don't want to recognize, don't want to understand, that we are struggling for them and their interests as well. And I want to make it clear that any opposition on their part to the development of this program will be met with force. I say that the landholders will gain by turning the land over to the people of the republic, because the people will have to till the soil granted them, and under the stress of circumstances will become expert farmers. Thus they will be exploiters of land instead of exploiters of men.

When the peasant is economically independent on his own lot of land, he will no longer be the peon who offers himself to his landlord because he is driven by hunger. Wages will rise and labor will be more scarce, and there will be no room in our country for the exploiter of the peasant. The landlord will be forced to adopt scientific methods of agriculture, utilizing machinery, improved methods of cultivation, seed-selection, etc. In this way we can attain also the harmony which has been so lacking in the agricultural life of Mexico, because then the relations between landlords and peasants will not be governed by the hatred between master and slave, but, rather, the progressive agriculturist will find in the free peasant a coworker in the production of national wealth.

My enemies say that I am hostile to religions and cults, that I have no respect for religious creeds. I am a liberal in so broad a sense that I can explain to myself and justify all creeds, because I consider them of value on account of the moral standards which they embrace.

I am an enemy of the priestly class which considers its position in the light of privilege and not of evangelical service. I am an enemy of the political priest, the intriguing priest, the exploiting priest, the priest who tries to keep our people submerged in ignorance, the priest who is allied with the landlord to exploit the peasant, and the priest who is allied with the employer to exploit the worker.

I declare that I respect all religions and all creeds so long as their preachers do not meddle in our political conflicts, spurn our laws, or allow themselves to become tools of the powerful in the exploitation of the weak.

Bitter complaints are also being made that General Calles will destroy the industries of our country. This is another lie. I want the industries to prosper and develop. I ask only for more humane relations between employers and workers. I ask that the employers recognize the new world in which they are living, and I ask them not to regard the worker as something less than a machine and little more than a beast, draining his strength until his body is no more than so much pulp to be cast aside; or, if he dies, I ask the employer not to regard him as just one name less on the pay roll.

And how do we want to bring this about? Not through the anarchy of violence, but within the limits of order and discipline, based on legislation.

Is this legislation new to them? I do not believe this, for surely they know that such legislation exists in other countries.

What is happening is that they are pretending to ignore it; why, foreigners who come here from countries where some guaranty for labor exists are shocked to find our reactionary employers casting aside civilized ideas for the easy gains to be derived from the exploitation of man.

We revolutionists who have carried on these struggles in the name of the rights of the proletariat are bound to defend

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them; if we did not we should fail to justify the revolution and we would be merely jesters.

My enemies say that if General Calles gets in power he will isolate the country and incur universal hatred of Mexico, because he will not want or be able to establish relations with the other countries of the earth. That also is a lie. We want the most friendly and cordial relations with all the nations of the world. The fact is that we are the one political party with honesty enough to declare in favor of having international relations based on justice and honor. We do not want to have foreign countries interfering with our affairs and imposing their will on us or whatever customs may suit their interests. We are a free and sovereign people, and we have the right to solve our internal problems without foreign influence.

We want to have international relations established on the basis of mutual respect; and we do not want the stronger nation to impose its will on the weaker. We want to have any conflicts that may arise solved by justice alone. These are our ideas. This is what we might call our program. . . .

This the ractionary elements cannot overlook, for I have been preaching to the masses of workers and peasants the obligations they must fulfil if they would win a right to the enjoyment of the fruits of the revolution. . . . Let us give economic freedom to those who have been exploited and persecuted for four hundred years; let us give them education and raise their dignity as men, and then we shall see whether or not they form the basis of a powerful nation. In this way and in this way only shall we be able to build a happy nation respected by all other nations of the earth.

Mexico's Debt

A DECREE signed by President Obregon "temporarily suspending payment on the foreign debt" was published in the *Diario Oficial* on July 1. In the preamble of the decree the Mexican President explained the financial background of this act. In 1913, he stated, as a consequence of revolutionary disturbances, payments on the foreign debt had been suspended; but in 1921, in order to restore the nation's credit, he laid a tax on oil, intending to apply the proceeds to the renewal of these payments. At the same time his Secretary of the Treasury, Adolfo de la Huerta (who recently led an armed revolt against the Obregon Government), was carrying on negotiations with the International Committee of Bankers in New York. Ignoring instructions from his Government De la Huerta agreed to meet the obligations involved in the foreign debt as well as certain domestic debts by pledging for this purpose

> the duties already decreed on the exportation of oil, the tax of 10 per cent about to be decreed on the gross receipts of the railroads, their liquid profits, if any, and, if necessary, other government resources, with a view to assuring a minimum payment during the first year, namely 1923, of thirty million pesos in national gold and, during the four years following, namely from 1924 to 1928, of amounts progressively increased by five million pesos annually terminating the five-year period covered by the New York agreement with the payment of fifty million pesos in national gold.

De la Huerta promised that these amounts should be paid in dollars at the ratio of one peso to half a dollar in United States currency. He also ignored the instructions of President Obregon to contract a loan for irrigation purposes and for the purpose of establishing a central bank of issue; but on his verbal assurance that such a loan would be forthcoming, Obregon ratified the New York agreement and, on September 29, 1922, the Mexican Congress approved it. The loan was not forthcoming, but none the less the Mexican Government attempted to fulfil its obligations. The military uprising coupled with the general depression brought Mexico to a state of bankruptcy in the fall of 1923, but President Obregon "preferred to drag the administration even deeper into poverty rather than touch the funds deposited in the national bank for payment on the foreign debt." In order to balance the budget he reduced government expenditures by some hundred million dollars and risked the popularity of the Government by levying new taxes. The taxes on oil and on the gross receipts of the railroads are being collected and these funds are being added to the bank deposits set aside for the service of the foreign debt.

An actual balance has not been achieved, however,

> partly because of the default resulting from the administration of Adolfo de la Huerta as Secretary of the Treasury, and partly because of the military campaign which, besides being a heavy expense in itself, has left us with troops in excess of those allowed by the budget, the cost of which has been progressively increasing the original deficit.

To meet this emergency the Mexican Government asked the International Committee of Bankers for a short-time loan secured by the oil taxes and other definite sources of income. This loan would make it possible for Mexico to balance its books "and assure the fulfilment of the New York agreement now and in the future."

> In order to judge the value of the security offered by this Government, the president of the International Committee of Bankers consulted the American Association of Oil Producers in Mexico on the prospects presented by the oil industry in our country. This association made a report through its president, Guy Stevens, laying down conditions for the prosperous development of the oil industry in Mexico which revealed total ignorance of our legislation and our political situation. As a result of this report the committee disregarded entirely the copious cablegraphic correspondence exchanged for three months with the Secretariat of the Treasury, in which the conditions for the loan were specifically stated, and finally refused its help, suddenly interpreting the attitude of the Government in a sense which conflicted with the interests involved in the New York agreement.

Denied help from this source, the Mexican Government decided that only harm could come to the country and ultimately to its creditors from allowing matters to go on. And so President Obregon, while pledging himself to continue his efforts to obtain funds from other sources, finally issued a decree in these terms:

> ARTICLE 1. We hereby temporarily suspend payments on the foreign debt—except for the necessary arrangements with holders of the bonds affected—which had been renewed by decree of September 29, 1922, approving the agreement signed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the Government of Mexico and the president of the International Committee of Bankers on June 16, 1922.
>
> ART. 2. This suspension will cease when the balance in the federal treasury is restored, by the use either of the funds set aside for payments on the foreign debt or the proceeds of any loan which may be contracted in the future.
>
> Wherefore, I order that this decree be printed, published, distributed, and duly enforced.
>
> Issued in the offices of the Federal Executive Power in Mexico on the 30th of June, 1924.
>
> *Mexico, June 30, 1924* A. OBREGON

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England and Egypt in the Sudan

EGYPTIAN troops and Sudanese cadets under British orders at Khartum, Atbara, and Port Sudan mutinied on August 9. The revolt was immediately suppressed but the British Government at once ordered warships from Malta and the Red Sea to the Egyptian ports of Alexandria and Port Sudan and military airplanes from Cairo to Khartum. Relations between Egypt and England, already tense, became tenser. The possibilities of an amicable agreement between Premier MacDonald and Zaghlul Pasha, Premier of Egypt, who recently arrived in France on his way to London, became remoter than ever.

At present the Sudan is governed by an Anglo-Egyptian "condominium" in which the British hold the important official positions and determine policy, and the Egyptians provide the bulk of the army which maintains order. The status of the Sudan was left vague when Egypt was established as a nominally independent kingdom in March, 1922, and has been a source of friction ever since.

The Sudan, the vast territory between Egypt and the equatorial lakes, inhabited partly by Arab and partly by various Negro and Negroid tribes, was conquered by the Egyptians in the early part of the nineteenth century. In the period of Egyptian weakness when Great Britain was establishing her military occupation of Egypt the Mahdist revolt, led by a sort of communist Moslem fanatic, broke out in the Sudan and rapidly swept away every trace of British or Egyptian rule except in the Red Sea ports. The Mahdi and his successor ruled the Sudan from 1882 to 1898, when Kitchener, serving nominally as an officer of the Egyptian army, reconquered the territory. On January 19, 1899, the "condominium" under which the Sudan has since been governed was established. It was there laid down that Great Britain was "by right of conquest" entitled to "share in the settlement and future working and development of the Sudan." Under this regime Great Britain and Egypt held joint sovereignty, authority resting in a British Governor General appointed by the Khedive of Egypt upon the recommendation of Great Britain. His proclamations have the force of law. Each of the districts into which the country is divided is ruled by a British governor, and an advisory council, also British, assists the Governor General. The approximate annual cost of the armies of occupation in the Sudan is estimated to be £1,200,000, of which about £200,000 has been met by the British Government, the remaining £1,000,000 by the Egyptian Government.

The Milner Commission of 1920 expressly excluded the Sudan from its discussions, and in its report stated that its suggestions did not apply to the Sudan, on the ground that the Sudan was "a country entirely distinct from Egypt in its character and constitution." In a letter written by Lord Milner to Adli Yeghen Pasha, then Premier of Egypt, on August 18, 1920, this point was made at some length. One sentence ran: "No change in the political status of Egypt should be allowed to disturb the further development of the Sudan on a system (namely, the provisions of the Convention of 1899) which has been productive of such good results." In conformity with the Milner recommendations the question of the Sudan was expressly reserved in the declaration of Egyptian independence made by Great Britain on February 28, 1922. When the "Declaration to Egypt" was announced to the House of Commons Premier Lloyd George said of the Sudan:

> The combined efforts of Great Britain and Egypt were needed to rescue this vast country from devastation and ruin, into which the Mahdi's movement had plunged it. His Majesty's Government will never allow the progress which already has been made and the greater promise of the future years to be jeopardized, nor can His Majesty's Government agree to any change in the status of that country *which would in the slightest degree diminish the security for the many millions of British capital which already has been invested in its development.* [Italics ours.] Egypt, on the other hand, has an undeniable right to the most ample guaranties that the development of th Sudan shall never threaten or interfere with her existing water supply, or with that which she may require in order to bring her own territory under full cultivation. Such guaranties His Majesty's Government will be ready to afford and there is no reason why they should in any way hamper or retard the progress of the Sudan.

The "many millions of British capital" to which Mr. Lloyd George referred are chiefly in irrigation and cotton projects. A dam 200 miles south of Khartum, which will at once irrigate 300,000 acres, is scheduled for completion in 1925. Other vast irrigation projects are under way. Much of the soil of the Sudan is enormously fertile. One large Sudan cotton company, in which the Asquith family is heavily interested, was recently bitterly attacked in the House of Commons, and the charge was made that the Asquith interest had influenced British policy. Under British rule the country has been developed. In 1898 the revenue raised from it was 35,000 Egyptian pounds; twenty years later it amounted to 2½ millions.

The Sudan question remained in abeyance for nearly two years. Zaghlul Pasha, the Egyptian Nationalist leader who was exiled by the British in 1921, and was triumphantly named premier in January, 1924, following his release, planned to go to London last spring to negotiate about its status. Reports that even the Labor Government was not prepared to give Egypt a substantially larger share in the real control of the Sudan, however, caused Zaghlul to hesitate. He demanded further assurances that Mr. MacDonald, in the words of Zaghlul's cablegram of May 11, did not intend "to restrict either the basis or the scope of the discussions." Such assurances were given, but Zaghlul was not satisfied and a series of telegrams followed. Zaghlul asked on June 8 that he be assured that "the fact of his having entered negotiations would not be brought up against him" and that the negotiations "would be free from all restrictive conditions."

This correspondence was interrupted by a debate in the House of Lords on June 25. In the course of this debate Viscount Grey, the former Liberal Foreign Minister, said, according to the *Manchester Guardian* for June 26:

> It was the British who recovered the Sudan, and the Government should make it clear that the question of the Sudan was one between the British and the Sudanese, and was something in which the Egyptian Government had no say at all. In the question of the Nile water Egypt had a great interest, of course, and here there was a case for a joint commission which would insure that neither Egypt nor the Sudan starved each other of water. It might be wise to appoint an American chairman of the commission. He feared there was an impression in Egypt that we had been on the run. If we intended to stop in the Sudan we should make it clear at the earliest possible moment that we intended to do so.

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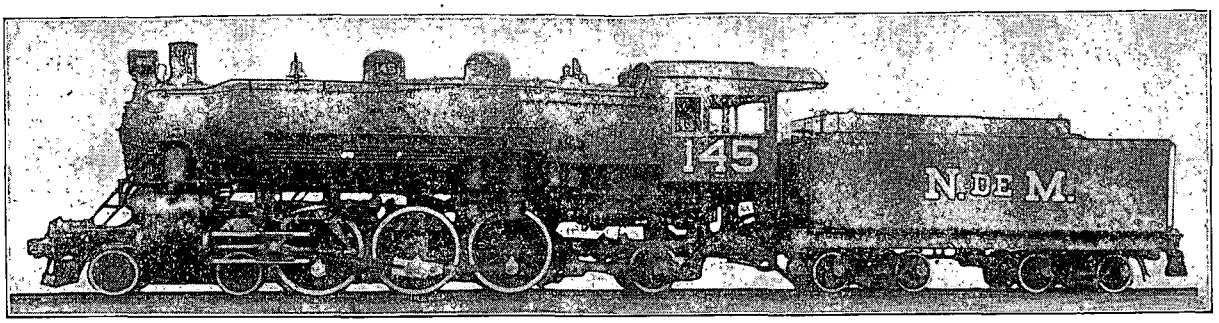

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In reply Lord Parmoor, Lord President of the Council, speaking for the Government, said that

> The Government was not going to abandon the Sudan in any sense whatever. It recognized the obligations that had been taken toward the Sudanese, and it regarded those obligations as of such a character that they could not be abandoned without very serious loss of prestige. No change of status in the Sudan would be allowed or carried through without the authority of Parliament.

This statement caused a tremendous uproar in Egypt. Zaghlul Pasha, after commenting on Lord Parmoor's speech in the Egyptian Chamber, resigned. As reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of June 30, he said:

> We cannot abandon the Sudan—not because it is a colony, but because the Sudan is a part of ourselves, because it is the source of our life, because Egypt cannot live without the Sudan. Force compelled us to abandon part of it. We evacuated reluctantly, but then took it again at the price of very heavy sacrifices of blood and money. We have spent enormous sums in the Sudan, and are continuing to do so, while a numerous Egyptian army is occupying the Sudan to insure its protection.
>
> Under these circumstances, after all the millions spent, after all the bloodshed, after all the sacrifices made, knowing that our very existence depends upon the Nile, we can never, unless we become a dead nation, abandon to others the slightest part of the Sudan.

He then called attention to the fact that he had repeatedly repudiated the declaration of February 28, 1922. He had said he would resign if he could not negotiate except upon the basis of that declaration, and he proceeded to do so. The Chamber, however, unanimously voted its confidence in him, and Zaghlul, after submitting his resignation to the King, who refused to accept it, was persuaded to remain in office.

The crisis in Egypt naturally precipitated discussion in the British House of Commons, in the course of which Ramsay MacDonald made the following statement:

> I have been hoping that the questions still outstanding between an independent Egypt and ourselves might have been settled in the calm conditions of personal negotiations between Said Zaghlul Pasha and myself. . . . I regret that statements have been made to the Egyptian Parliament and action taken to create trouble in the Sudan which can only be explained as an attempt to force my hand and deprive Zaghlul Pasha of the liberty to negotiate. I was looking forward with pleasure and expectation to a meeting with Zaghlul Pasha and discussion with him on the best interests and accepted responsibilities of our respective countries, and I have desired to say nothing which would have limited the freedom of discussion which we ought to claim. But in view of what has happened, it is necessary that I should make it clear to all concerned that I do not believe that this House would accept any arrangement which would break our pledges given to the Sudan or jeopardize the present administration and development of that country. I believe hearty good-will between Egypt and ourselves is of the utmost importance to both of us, and I still trust that those responsible for the governments of both countries will refuse to countenance the impossible demands which will destroy the prospects of such settlement.

Zaghlul was on his way to London, still in a determined mood, to attempt negotiation in this difficult situation, when the outbreaks in the Sudan led to the dispatch of British troops and warships.

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